MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

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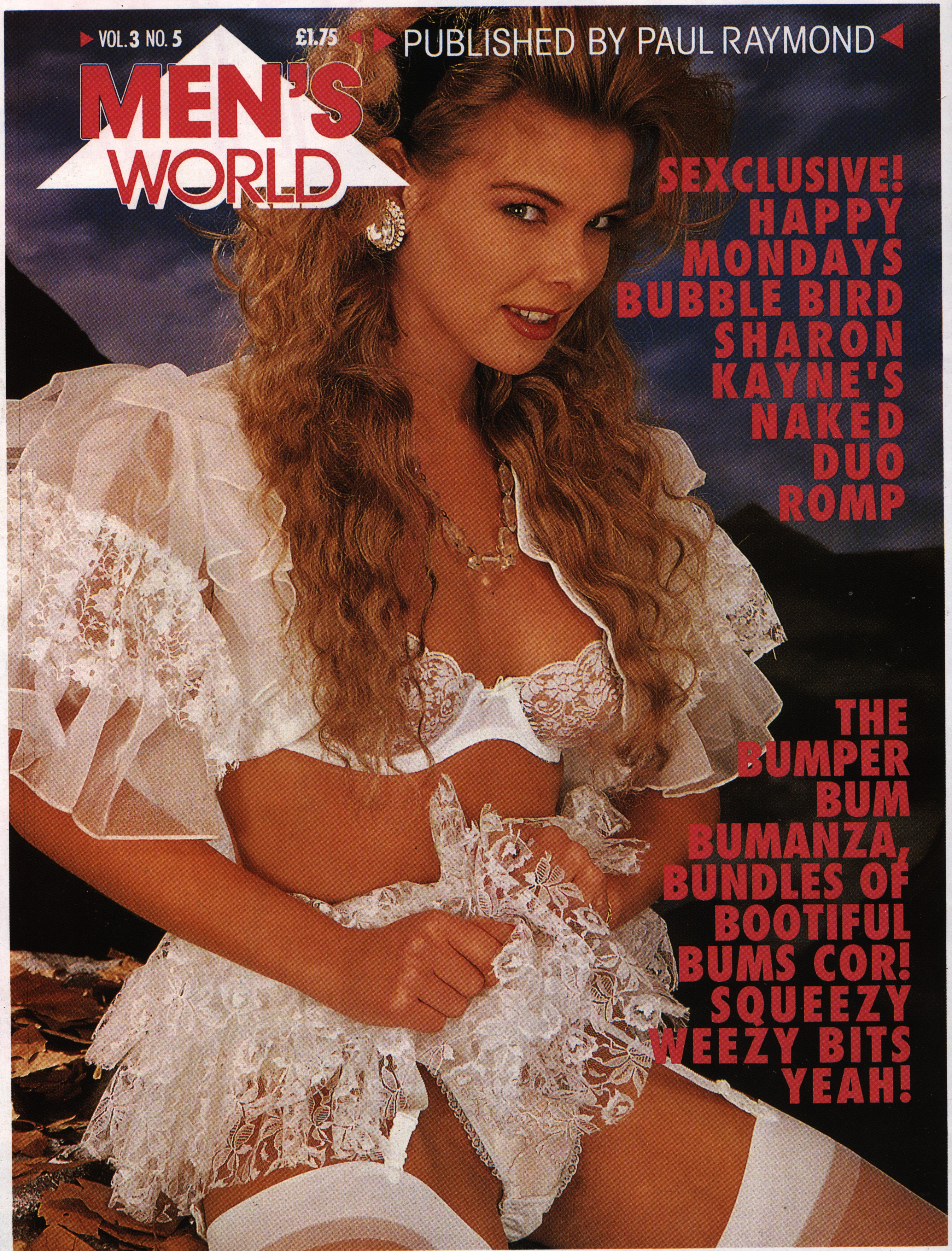
IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT? THEN GET IT.



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VOLUME 56 NUMBER 5

Publisher **Paul Raymond**; Editor **Nevile Player**; Assistant Editor **Debbie Raymond**; Chief Executive & Legal Adviser **Carl Snitcher**; Group Art Director **Jane Holbrey**; Production Editor **Karen Malcherczyk**; Associate Art Editor **Mark O'Neill**; Designers **Pete Ridley, Rowan Grant, Andrew Holland**; Advertisement Director **James Macleod**; Classified Adverts **Deirdre Doyle**

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Absolute havoc here at Raymond Towers this month, mainly because it's spring and a young(ish) man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of dicking Belinda (42-22-36), page 118.

Even the monastic quiet of the editorial office, where one can usually rely on a convivial silence as we savour the Château free sample and watch girls taking their clothes off, has been broken by the howl of police sirens and the clump of heavy boots trying to beat in doors while the air is made loud by the sound of size 10 boots and helicopters taking off from the roof.

Acting on information received, the local constabulary are certain they've discovered the whereabouts of £20,000 worth of deer testicles and herbal medicine (stolen from Hong Kong): in the office of the Great Baldoni, wizard accountant and financial adviser to the guv'nor and to the Treasury (in that order, because the guv'nor's got more money). Apparently, he soaks his bollocks in wine for a month and then drinks them as a broth with meat and herbs. Hence the need for a fairly regular change of bollocks (preferably someone else's, and ideally of an editorial nature – editorial bollocks frequently

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blah!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Lady's Bike

Sir: My girlfriend Christina is not only one of the sexiest and kinkiest lovers I have ever had; she is also a brilliant student of engineering design. She can make anything mechanical and everything she makes really works. Her current craze is bicycles. She built her own machine and now she has made one for me which is a miracle of strength and lightness.

But, of course, one does not write to *Men Only* to talk about bicycles! The reason for my

It is thrilling to ride with her. She wears crotchless shorts of her own design, which overlap (so that she is decent when she wishes to be), but have a gusset arrangement which allows the dildo to wriggle its way into her pussy and out again, quickly – because she has to withdraw it swiftly when, say, she needs to stand out of the saddle cycling up a hill. Even in these times she feels a woman riding a bike with a big rubber cock sticking out of the saddle might draw attention.

"Do you sell security blankets?"

letter is the neat little device she has put on her *own* machine. A cunning device which, at the touch of a lever on the handlebars, makes a big flexible dildo slide out of the seat tube and protrude eight inches from the saddle. As she pedals, it thrusts up and down, powerfully, and also 'churns' round and round, which is a movement she particularly likes during sex. In fact, I have often come near to slipping a disc in my back trying to satisfy her, but the sexy bicycle feels no pain, suffers no fatigue and goes on for as long as she can stand it.

Not that she doesn't draw attention anyway. Her beautiful figure, her flowing blonde hair, and the way her big breasts lollop around inside her tight cycling jersey, sees to that. Besides, her moaning, groaning, panting and puffing and the sweat running down her legs as she pedals slowly through the city streets make people think she's the least fit cyclist ever! They have called ambulances to her, not knowing what was going on between her legs.

She has never been found

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VIDA 28

MY CONFESSION 76

having what it takes, particularly after lunch). Sounds a bit over the top to us, but the supposed result is a legendary sexual urge of the type which Baldoni reckons can bring a smile to the faces of up to nine models at a time – especially those of the 36-22-36 variety. Although the only legend we've heard about the Great Baldoni's sexual appetite is that it disappeared mysteriously in Canterbury High Street in 1965 and has never been seen since, although local legend tells of a nude running man seen on Mothering Sundays, but only when this falls on a concurrent Tuesday without an R in the month, or when the buffet car is shut.

True, there has been an unpleasant smell of atrophied testicles about the accounts department lately, but then there always has been because, to be frank, they don't exercise them enough. It is also true that Baldoni has a habit of appearing in the studio during a photographic session and standing in the corner trying to pretend he's a hatstand, and accusing people of carrying unwrapped meat in a public place. But again, that is nothing

new. We have had a couple of ostriches wander up to the fifth floor and nose around the files as though they were looking for something, but we assumed they were photographers trying to get their pictures back.

In short, we would discount

KATHY 20

SHAREN

these rumours entirely, were it not for the fact that we started them on the grounds that it's a hell of a lot easier to get your expenses through – with the Financial Wizard on the run from the Chinese – by the simple expedient of signing them yourself in the usual illiterate scrawl.

And it's no use giving us the: "If he's innocent, why did he grab the first helicopter on the roof-pad and fly off to the Cayman Islands with a bag of bollocks in his hand?" routine. We feel that any man who has been forced into such desperate measures as boiling his own bollocks to regain his sexual identity, could be forgiven for acting in what might appear to the uninitiated to be an eccentric manner – even to the extent of going completely off his head. And, indeed, if that is the case, we would like to point out to the man, Baldini, wherever he is and whatever he is doing, that there will always be a place for a man of such exquisite taste and undoubted enterprise up here on the fifth floor – writing editorials like this one./*The Editors.*

TOPSY 90

THE • DONE • THING

LOOSE BEHAVIOUR

From the bowels of despair to the strain of squatting. Toiletry tribulations . . . could this be the start of a new movement?

"That no compunctious visitings of nature, Shake my fell purposes."
Shakespeare.

These days there is simply nowhere in town for a gentleman to dump! In fact, there are few places left in the country where a lordly turd may be deposited in the proper manner. It's a sign of the times. Part of the *hoi polloi's* ceaseless battle against anything redolent of fine manners, gentility, style and partially digested kidneys devilled in chilli sauce.

But it is in the city that the want of a shithouse is most likely to give the ruling class the turd degree, so it was here that they began their attack. Of which the first prong was to close all *Gentlemen's* lavatories and hand them over to the common *Men*.

Can't say it was a knock-out blow, exactly, because they were, in recent times, not the sort of places a gentleman would venture into. Full of appalling bum-bandits, their eyelids batting like digital clocks, queuing up to get their hats brown in the cubicles. But of course the aristocrat cannot use a place reserved for the common man, even in an emergency. And I can't think the common *Men* and *Women* relish them much either. (I don't know why the Bolshevik councils don't call them *Queers* and *Dykes*, and be done with it.)

Far worse, from a practical point of view, was this change in the telephone boxes.

Gone is the privacy of the misted-up red boxes with their convenient telephone directories. In come these brightly lit aquaria in which a bare arse and swinging turd is as easily concealed as a toy boy in a nunnery:

PRIVATE PRIVIES: It is not only in the public sector that they are trifling with our motions! In all but the greatest houses of the land, private persons have been worked upon to make it impossible for a gentleman to crap.

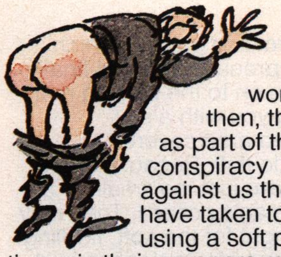
The traditional tall crapper, in sparkling porcelain with warm wooden seat and a copious supply of hand-carved wooden arse-scrapers, is gone. In its place the low-level suite in avocado with a plastic arse-pinching device on top of it and a little fluffy mat underneath – which I presume is there to piss upon as everybody does. They may well call it low-level. Ye Gods, they put the crapper in the bathroom! Ridiculous. How can one settle down to lay a decent floater with the lady in the bath screaming, ranting and holding her nose? It's nigh on impossible. Even if you can beat the door down before you dump in your breeks.

And even if the door opens there is a devilish puzzle for the gentleman who staggers in under a mean load after a sufficiency of port. Which appalling avocado item should you use? They all look alike, but one must be the basin and there's another specially designed to squirt cold water up your fundament when you sit on it – which is a terrible shock to the system and has been the death of many befuddled gentlemen from water on the brain.

Find the right one and where are you? Six inches off the seat being slowly jacked up on a growing growler which sways precariously and finally tips you on to the pissing mat, leaving you with a shit-smeared arse covered in avocado fluff. Because these things are just too small for a gentleman's richard. They may be all right for the soft, fiddling emissions of vegetarians and such which fold up under any sort of pressure. But a gentleman, who gets through half a bullock a day, has large and rock-hard movements and the only way I have found to get them in one of these miniature crappers is to cut them into convenient lengths with a chain saw as they emerge. It works but it is not a pleasant shit, and when drunk threatens the noble bollocks.

You may manage by rotating the arse and curling the thing around inside the bowl like an inverted worm-cast. If you do, never try flushing it away. It'll get gooshed out on to your shoes all in one lump and may well run off down the stairs, snapping at people. Mine certainly did after the live rat-swallowing jamboree at the Shepherd's Strumpet in Uttoxeter Parvda.

COLONIC DIGITATION: It was surely drummed into most of you at public school that a gentleman does not stick his finger up his arse. It is one of those distinguishing features that pick us out from the common solicitor and his like who can't get enough of that sort of thing and hardly ever get their fingers out.



It is little wonder, then, that as part of the conspiracy against us they have taken to using a soft pink tissue in their crappers, which gives the anus as much protection from the probing digit as a pair of crotchless knickers. One dab and it's through like a pheasant through a pattern of buckshot, hits the prostate and you've come all over the curtains!

Leave it alone, gentlemen! It can no more handle a gentleman's dingleberries than a butterfly's wing can knock the scales off a crocodile. It is not in the least bad-mannered, if people cannot offer you anything better than this insulting flim-flam to wipe your arse on their towels. We all did so when they introduced the stuff at the Anathaneum – in a week the birch bark was back!

FAECAL NICETIES: In the country this attempt to render our faeces extinct is of no consequence. One can always down trousers in a wood and wipe the behind vigorously up and down the branch of a tree in the traditional way – very enjoyable.

It is in the city that we may be caught short, not sure how to overcome the problem in a well-mannered way.

It is probably as well here to establish the main principle of social etiquette – which is, briefly, to do what you want to do without getting found out. There are, indeed, rules which demand we respect the convenience of others, but as they have not respected our conveniences these may be dropped in time of war – it was done during the Second World War, so why not in the turd?

SHITTY GENTS: So how may a well-mannered gentleman relieve himself in a city where all facilities are denied him? More important: how shall he do it without being discovered?

The most obvious answer is to find a place where there are no people, which in London is like looking for a free fuck in Soho. The parks are useless – every bush hiding a sleeping wino or a copulating couple and, anyway, they are patrolled by keepers with arse-sniffing dogs.

Above and below the streets, these are the best bet.

Lord Loon, the Irish peer, always makes for the tallest building and finds his way on to the roof. Once there, overlooked by no one, he may perch his baronial behind over the parapet and take a leisurely crap upon the crowds beneath, before sliding down the banisters to wipe his arsehole. His master stroke is to fling a armful of soggy tissue with 'British Airways' stamped on it after the turd, so it will be blamed on passing aircraft.

His Grace, The Duke of Canteloupe, goes to the opposite extreme, preferring to lift a manhole cover and, hanging from the inspection ladder, make his deposit into the darkness below. He declares it most pleasurable, adding that if you leave the manhole ajar, you can look up the skirts of women walking by.

His Grace's most amazing motion was passed through an inspection shaft into Piccadilly underground station. The vast turd exploded on impact (he had been taking gun cotton to his piles) and the station was closed for 36 hours as police searched for terrorist devices. A police spokesman later described the report that a bomb had exploded there as 'a load of crap'.

SURVIVAL OF THE FAECES: But all this is passive resistance. It is not for the latest in a line of Uttoxeters, who have got their wealth by effrontery, audacity and banditry, to avoid a confrontation. Take the battle to the enemy, say I!

All one requires to shit is a place in which one's lower regions are concealed, and these are legion. The back of a taxi is perhaps a favourite of mine, for it is my belief taxi drivers invented the low-level avocado suite!

Sit in the fold-up seat behind the driver so he cannot see you baring the parts. Close the partition so he can't sniff out what you're about. Shit! Let the seat flip up and get out, making sure you leave him no tip. *Ha!*

Then there are the clothing boutiques whose owners, I insist, invented pink arsewipe tissue. Take their most expensive trousers to the changing cubicles, knot the turn-up of one leg, fill it up, wipe your arse on the other, insist they don't fit, and – while the assistant searches out another pair – disappear. *Ha!*

I leave the rest to your imagination. Bank managers, solicitors accountants, doctors – if a gentleman makes an appointment with any of these vulgarians, they are sure to keep him waiting for hours. Waiting in a room which has carpets, flower pots and fireplaces, all of which are excellent receptacles for the well-laid turd. And curtains on which to leave those traces which are unpleasant to carry away with you.

PRECISION CRAPPING: For those whose delicacy of manner precludes the rougher usages of the true English gentleman, I have patented devices which make the awkward matter of debagging less irksome.

The Uttoxeter arseless trouser (100 guineas) has a removable flap behind for ease of backsess. It allows the wearer to lay a turd down the back of a chintz settee while talking about the weather. All that is then needed is a deft turning over of the cushion to finish the job, causing no unpleasantness.

For the sporting gentleman I have developed the Turd Tube Trouser (200 guineas). In these the turd makes its way down a polythene tube inside the leg from whence it may be deposited where you wish. Or, with a brisk kick of the leg, sent flying a considerable distance across the street.

At a thousand guineas there is the option of the laser-guided turd: the simple addition of some electronic gizmos guiding the missile directly to its target with no peripheral damage.

I recently sent one through the window of the Camden Council offices as they were discussing the closure of the last remaining gentlemen's lavatory. It flipped into the room and, with pinpoint accuracy, hit the fan. */The Rev. Giles Uttoxeter.*

B R R M • • B R R M !

YANKETY WANK TANKS

Mr. Wheeltrim asserts that size is everything – to hoots of derision from those MO models unlucky enough to have encountered him in the stationery cupboard.

One Yank and it's off.

Brothers, the time has come to make a stand. The hour is nigh. We must speak out once and for all. We must go out and buy a whopping great big American car.

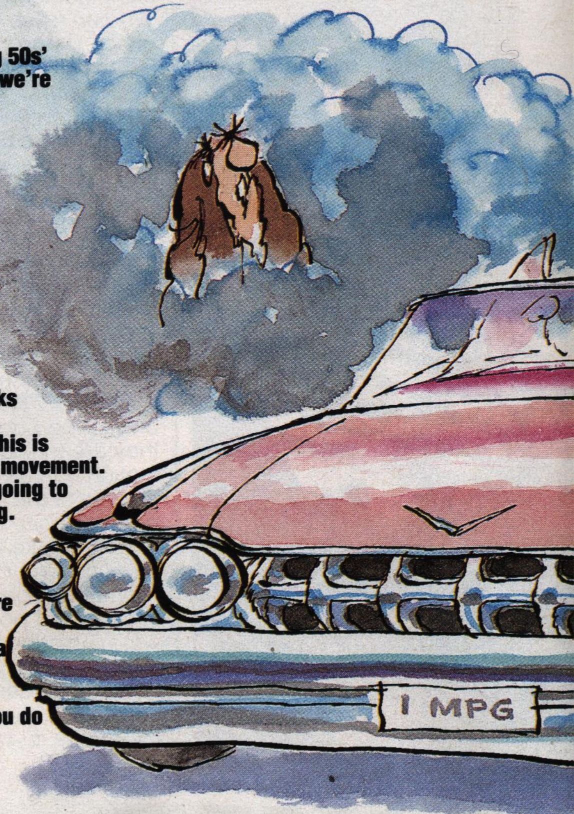
I've never been more serious. Governments, greens and a few other things beginning with G have ganged together to turn our beloved motor car into a thing of national disgust – a situation as dangerous as a Morris dancer with a ferret up his trouser leg.

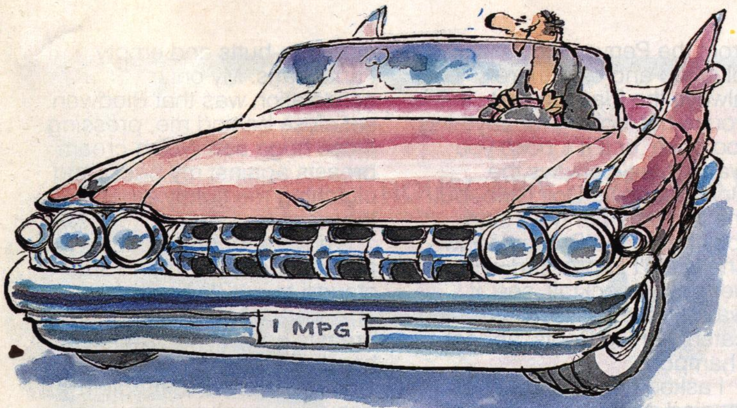
To own an old car is akin to farting in the presence of the Queen Mother. To drive a car still not converted to unleaded petrol is worse. And as for anything that takes up more road space than a Reliant Robin – well, you may as well stick your neck on the block and wave two fingers at the Lord High Executioner.

So, I have made my stand. In the highways and byways around Wheeltrim Towers, it's 'get out of the way' time. All you thin-tin no good weedmobiles had better start watching out because the Wheeltrim household have got serious. We're not talking late model half-Yank lightweight, either; we're talking 50s' Cadillac limousine, we're talking Cadzilla: 67ft of heavy duty rolling thunder – real car from bumper to bumper. And when I say bumpers . . . These things are like Iraqi missiles – one close encounter can leave scud marks on your underpants.

Mark my words, this is the start of a major movement. Yankie motors are going to be the next big thing. Bigger even than Mutant Ninja Kate Adies.

For a start, they're cheap. Think about it. Who else wants a two-ton barge that costs a tenner in petrol every time you do a three-point turn?





continued from page 7

in the USA a 'sniff test' – i.e. they stick a probe up your exhaust pipe and test for carbon monoxide. Good they don't introduce it for medical check-ups, that's what I say. Anyway, if it's not below six per cent for a car built between 1960 and 1983 (less for a newer car), you fail the test. If your car is fitted with a catalytic converter, which converts the carbon monoxide to carbon dioxide (the gas that's poisoning our upper atmosphere), you pass. Nice one.

Fourthly, they're patriotic. Non-believers may find this a tough one to get to grips with at first, but driving a huge great Yank is actually good for Britain. Every morning the Chancellor leaps out of bed, opens the windows at Number 11, takes a deep breath of London smog and thanks his lucky stars that petrol brings him in even more revenue than Terry Wogan's pay packet. Drive a Yank and you're flying the flag for good old Blighty. Every time you hand over £1.99 for a gallon of Saudi's finest, you're handing nearly £1.20 of it straight to the Government. And at six to the gallon that's a whole bunch of £1.20s.

All these whingeing Greens, driving about at 56mph in their 1000-to-the-gallon of unleaded, two-star gnats' piss, what are they giving the Government? Bugger all, that's what. They're not even helping with the weather. So it's up to me to pay for the upkeep of the roads, housing the homeless, keeping that hospital bed open and all those other Government expenses. Why do you think the cabinet zoom about in big old motors? No lightweight diesels for them. They know what's good for the country.

And, lastly, they're greedy (see above). Six to the gallon is greedy by anyone's standards. But if we lived in Venezuela, where petrol is 21 cents (US) a gallon, who'd be saving the ozone layer then? The priciest petrol, by the way, is Abidjan, Ivory Coast, where all three motorists pay $4.31 a gall.

Got it yet? Buy a 50s' Yank and save the world. Well, that and move to Venezuela./*Mortimer Wheeltrim.*

POTRY • CORNER

FROM BARD TO VERSE

Alcohol is the food that feeds the Muse of Poetic Inspiration . . . That's our man's excuse and his missus better bloody well believe it!

HM PRISON, STRANGEWAYS

I've porridge aplenty to fatten
The belly of bad Derek Hatton,
And I hear Kenneth Baker
Is planning to make a
New law, once more letting the Cat in.

'DUNREJOICIN' DULWICH, SE21

In the lounge of this humblest of shacks,
Poor old Denis chain-swigs whisky macs,
While in bed Maggie lolls,
Sticking pins in the balls
Of Mike Heseltine, sculpted in wax.

THE TAL MAHAL

"Our politics stink," groaned the Taj.
"All our ministers fiddle and cadge.
Corruption took wing
'Neath Gandhi and singh.
What I says is – bring back the Raj."

THE PEARLY GATEHOUSE

Malcolm Muggeridge rose from his bier
And pulled at my bell without fear.
Said St. Peter: "No doubt
I can't keep you out –
But I warn you, you won't like it here."

69 CYN STREET, STREATHAM, SW16

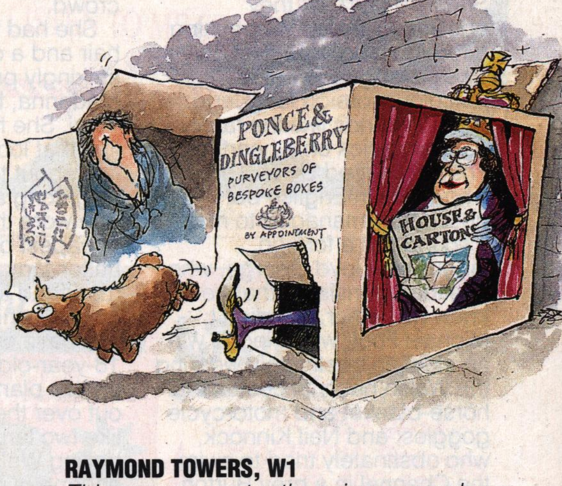
They call me a house of ill-fame,
But the punters flock round just the same.
That John Selwyn Gummer
Called one night last summer.
(Couldn't get stiff. What a shame!)

THE TARDIS

Doctor Who's been retired, so his vessel
Belongs now to Parkinson (Cecil).
The Daleks await him.
To ex-ter-min-ate him?
No – their suckers all itch for his pestle.

No. 100,000, CARDBOARD BOX ALLEY, ENNYTOWN

Once I held eighty tins of baked beans.
Now I'm home to a lad in his teens.
And you wonder I pray
To see the day
When the address next door is the Queen's?



RAYMOND TOWERS, W1

Things are sweeter than ripe sugarplums
For this office's bevy of chums.
Forget the recession!
Life's one long procession
Of wobbly pink titties and bums.

WORLD • OF • NOOKIE

WILD WELSH WAILS

From the land that gave us insufferable male voice choirs, laughable rugby teams and sheep molestation, comes Buxotic Blodwen – the Valkyrie of the Valleys!

Halfway between Caerphilly and Ystrad Mynach there's a sign which invites you to try the Penyss Inn. Now, I've never been a great chortler at double entendres. For instance, I couldn't understand the schoolboy hilarity which greeted Mrs. Thatcher's hearty talk about being 'on the job'. The very thought of it put me off my lightly poached eggs. I mean, what *can* they look like together, bouncing up and down on the Sleepeezee? Does Dame Margaret always insist on being on top, or does Denis pull rank now that he's a baron?

We know she shops for her undies at Marks & Spencer. Does she wear that little black see-through nylon number; or does she prefer the shortie nightshirt with a bucktooth lady rabbit on it? And does Denis wear Marks & Spencer pyjamas? Everybody knows that when you wear Marks & Spencer pyjamas the old beef bassoon has an embarrassing habit of popping out when you least want it to.

"Penyss Inn, Denis! Penyss Inn . . .!"

But back to double entendres before we get prosecuted for Lewd and Futile Speculation. I simply can't see what's funny about double entendres. Many a time and oft have I sat in a theatre stony-faced while comedians bring the house down with heavy-handed jokes about 'balls' or

'drawers' or 'organs'. I think I smirked vaguely at the *Evening Argus* headline: *SPARE OUR TREES – THEY BREAK WIND.* And after about two days of frowning I eventually smiled at the man who thought that the bikini area was 71W 110N.

But there's something sublime about a hotel which openly calls itself the Penyss Inn. You can imagine the phone calls they get. "Penyss Inn? Can you take it out for a moment and see if the manager's there?" etc. I rang them up myself and asked them why they didn't change their name, but all they said was: "Why should we? It's a family name. There have heen Penysses here for hundreds of years."

I think I admire them. Only in Wales can you find such refreshing obstinacy. They really work at being obstinate in Wales. They live nearer to London than the people of Sheffield, and yet they obstinately insist on speaking a foreign language. Not only a foreign language but a ridiculous foreign language: Gaelic sounds like the family cat being sick on a hearthrug. They produced Dylan Thomas who wrote in English but obstinately managed to make it sound like a foreign language; Lloyd George, who obstinately insisted that he knew my father, but didn't; Michael Foot, who tried to win an election obstinately wearing the Welsh national costume of horse-blanket and motorcycle goggles; and Neil Kinnock, who obstinately tried to swim the Channel in a grey Burton suit, but who was obstinately dragged out by Glenys at the last moment because it might look as if he were advertising Ralph Halpern, and we all know that *he's* tried the Penyss Inn, or something that sounds remarkably like it.

In Wales they have leeks, choirs, slagheaps, eisteddfods, harps, *very shiny picture-windows*, and an irritating habit of saying 'isn't it?' at the end of every sentence, whether it is or it isn't, or only just might be. If you don't say 'isn't it?' at the end of every sentence, and if you don't stand in the public bar of the Tredegar Arms all evening in a purple vest and turquoise tracksuit bottoms drinking pints of Tennent's Super out of a straight-sided glass, you're irredeemably 'posh'.

But in Wales they have Blodwen Jones, and for that I can forgive them anything. Blodwen Jones, the Flower of Blackwood Co-op – the thickest, most obstinate girl I ever met, but so erotic in her obstinacy that I think of the Rhymney Valley now and my Daks slacks swell up like a small farmhouse loaf in the Sunblest bakery.

I met Blodwen last year. I can't quite remember what I was doing in South Wales. Probably what every other non-resident was doing: waiting for the Severn Bridge to be repaired, so that we could all go home again a.s.a.p. The Severn Bridge, incidentally, was built to a design produced by the Blue Peter team. The trouble was, they couldn't find big enough Fairy Liquid bottles to make it stay up.

It was a hot, sunny day and Blodwen appeared in Blackwood High Street like the combined wet dreams of a hundred rugby players, made flesh. And what flesh! She was short and plump (put it down to puppy-fat and too many Welsh-cakes), but there was something about her that made men stand out in a crowd.

She had thick black wavy hair and a chubby but strikingly pretty face. A Welsh Madonna, by *Lleonardo* da Vinci. She had pink pouting lips that looked as if they were just about to say something sing-song and suggestive. She wore the smallest and cheapest of white cotton halter-tops, which scarcely managed to constrain the hugest, whitest knockers that you have ever seen on a 18-year-old in your entire time on this planet. They bulged out over the top of her halter like two large saucepans of boiling Welsh cream; and her enormous pink rigid nipples stuck up beneath the thin cotton and obstinately refused to soften. Typical Welsh nipples . . .

She had a small roll of white spare-tyre. Not too much, just enough to bury your fingers in. Beneath navel-level she wore a pair of white cotton shorts that matched her top. Freshly-pressed, with turn-ups. But they were tight enough to make your eyes water by proxy. They graphically emphasised the puppy-plump lips of her leek-fed vulva, and were thin enough to reveal a wide black array of pubic hair.

They don't believe in depilated bikini areas, west of the sign that says *Croeso i Cymru.* In Newport the women have only just got around to shaving their armpits; and in Neath you're lucky to find one who's trimmed her moustache.

I accosted this vision of teenage pulchritude and asked her if she knew of a good hotel – apart, of course, from the Penyss Inn. She blushed and said there's always the Plas Inn, see, if you're not looking for anything too posh; or if it's *posh* you want, there's always the Brynmeadows Golf Club, but the last time her boyfriend took her to the Brynmeadows she wasn't impressed with her prawn cocktail, see, it was like they'd been drowning caterpillars in Boots' apricot shampoo.

I asked her whether she fancied a drink, see, but she said she was on her way home. She was supposed to have gone to Barry Island with her friend Gwen, but Gwen had got the rags up and didn't feel like it. Well, I said, pity to sit at home on a beautiful day like this. *I'll* take you to Barry Island instead.

Those of you who had the misfortune to visit Barry Island will have a reasonable idea of what kind of day I had. Barry Island makes Devil's Island look like Disneyland. It's the *Sunday Sport* of seaside resorts – a dirty, depressing beach overlooked by a balding municipal lawn, on which Welsh folk in varying grades of total grossness sit cramming chips into their faces and gargling Fanta out of the can, in an obvious attempt to commit suicide by public explosion. The bars look as if they were rejects for the saloon scene in *Star Wars* (atmosphere too toxic, customers too alien-looking); and the most tasteful souvenirs you can find in the shops are baseball caps with huge sponge penises on them and plaster cherubs with digital clocks in their crotches.

To Blodwen, however, this was heaven. She bought rock salmon and chips and candyfloss and the obligatory can of Fanta, and walked along the street sucking her fingers and singing Rick Astley songs with her mouth full of churned-up fish. Then – when she had finished her lunch and rolled up the paper and tossed it into the nearest flowerbed – she demanded to be taken on what she called the 'shows'.

Barry Island's greatest attraction is a collection of dilapidated fairground rides. Blodwen had to go on the log ride first. This involves sitting in a fibreglass log and being carried around a circle of leaking guttering – eventually to be plunged down a slide into a pool of water full of cigarette-butts and empty Fanta cans. My only consolation was that Blodwen sat close behind me, pressing those huge soft Welsh-cream breasts against my back and clutching me tightly around the waist.

We went round twice, and the second time around she started to get distinctly fruity. She started to massage her breasts against me, and her hand slid down between my legs and started to fondle my penyss through my trousers.

When we climbed out of our log she continued to cling close. The spray had soaked her, and her hard nipples were distinctly visible through the thin wet cotton. Her shorts were soaked, too, and for all that they covered her black-haired vulva, she might just as well have been naked.

Still, nobody took much notice. Most of the women around Barry seemed to be dressed with a weird kind of immodesty. The favourite outfit seemed to be knotted scarves over pointy little tits, and tiny satin shorts with frilly knickers showing below the legs, and clickety-clackety little high heels.

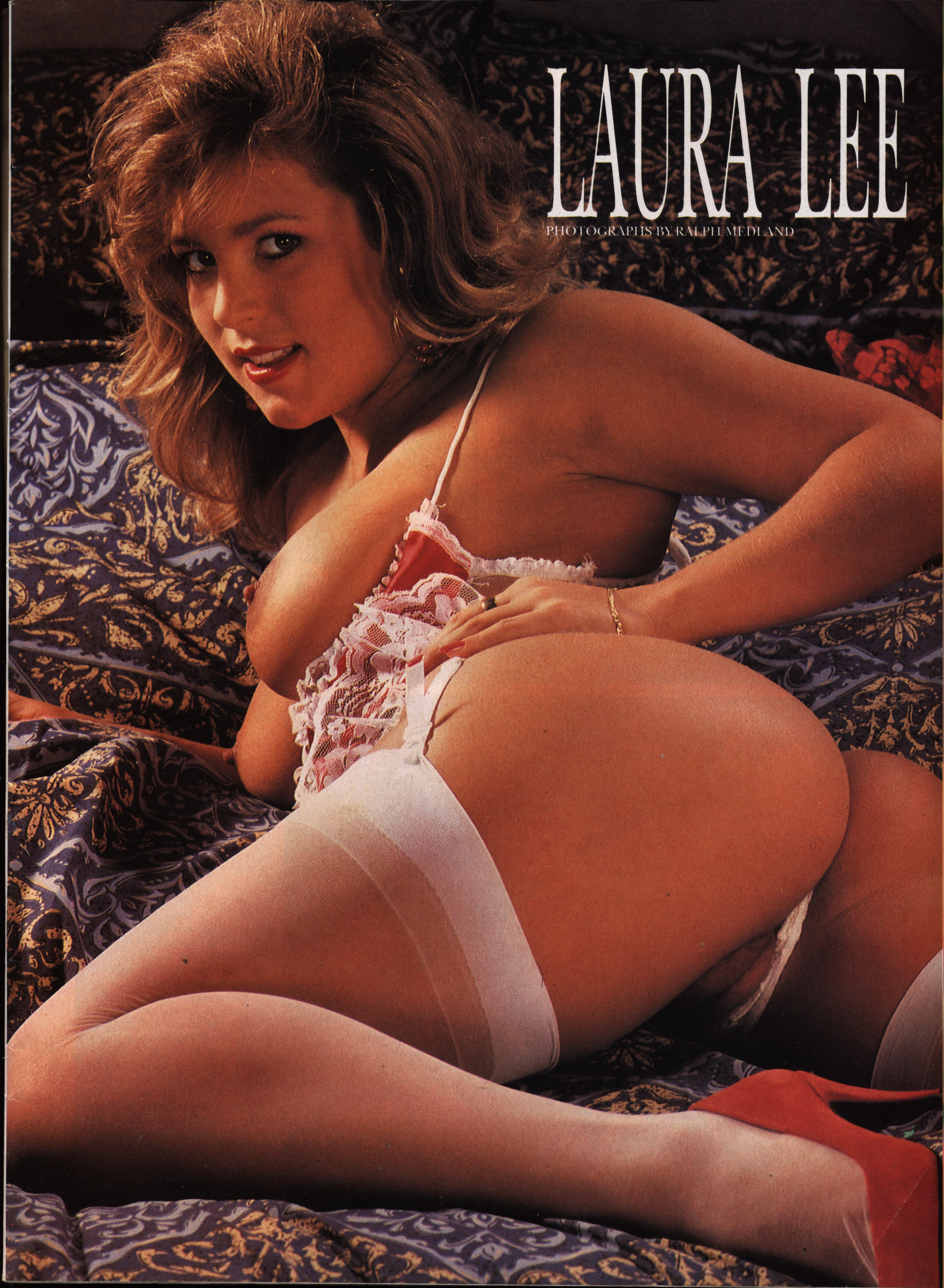
"I think I fancy it," panted Blodwen.

"Well . . . we could take a ride in the country," I suggested. "Beautiful day for some ceilingless sex."

"We can do better than that, isn't it?" she said. "Come by here, look, we can go to the jungle."

Excitedly, she tugged me by the hand to the Jungle Safari Ride. This was absolutely the tattiest jungle I had ever seen,

continued on page 18


LAURA LEE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

The 20-year-old farming girl from Yorkshire came down to London for excitement. "I wanted some thrills. Up until now the most exciting thing that happened to me was when I put my hand down a boy's trousers and got bitten by a ferret." All the time, what she was really looking for was something to make her hair stand on end, and taking her clothes off for you blokes was it. The idea of it just made her toes curl. "I had multi-orgasmic wet dreams about it," she told us. In the event, she got more than she bargained for. The photographer's gear was playing up and he kept getting electric shocks off his camera – which, when he touched Laura Lee's behind to help her into a pose, nearly made her jump right through the roof. Things went from bad to worse. No one could find what the trouble was, so he finished the shoot wearing pink washing up gloves. There's glamour for you (34-22-36).

continued from page 12

and that includes the minge of Miss Greek Tour Guide 1984. Scratchy recorded lion-roars and falsetto elephant-trumpeting only added to the Safari Ride's general dismalness.

"We can't do it on *that*," I protested. You have to draw the line somewhere, as Picasso said when he was finishing his pornographic drawings.

But Blodwen jumped up and down so that her huge white breasts bounced in their thin wet halter and went on bouncing even when she'd finished jumping. "I want to I want to I want to I want to. It's exciting, see. It's just like the real jungle. Me Jane, you Tarzan."

I tried to talk her out of it. I offered her a picnic on top of Pengam slagheap, with smoked salmon and a bottle of chilled Veuve Clicquot.

I offered her a barbecue on the beach at the rlumbles, with marinated prawns and Perrier-Jouët rosé. I even offered her the bridal suite at the Penyss Inn. But Blodwen was Welsh and Blodwen was bloody obstinate, and so I paid my £2 so that we could join the safari.

We were the only people on it, and I could see why. Half of the alligators had fallen to pieces, and only one of the elephants was capable of spraying water with its trunk. The lion was directly under the guttering that carried the log-ride, and water had trickled on to its head for so long that it now had a huge mane of bright green slime.

But Blodwen was enchanted. The second our boat shuddered away from the landing-stage, she climbed astride me, kissing me frantically, and thrusting her hand into my trousers in search of the protein protuberance. By the time we reached the alligators she was gasping. She dragged her white halter-top off, baring those huge soft glossy white breasts. She pressed them against my face, almost suffocating me, forcing her rigid nipples into my mouth.

"Blodwen, we can't . . ." I began. But then our boat came grinding to a halt, right beneath the jetting trunk of the elephant.

Her hair soaked, her plump white body trickling with water, Blodwen tugged down her tight white shorts. She sat back on the seat of the boat, entwined her fingers in her thick black pubic hair, and pulled the lips of her vulva wide apart, exposing glistening pink flesh. Water from the elephant's trunk jetted over her face and breasts, ran down her stomach, and then trickled down the moistened cleft of her cunt, dripping beneath the squashed white cheeks of her generous bottom, and on to the floor of the boat.

Oh, well, I thought. I opened up my trousers, and my cock rose into the elephant spray – crimson and swollen and ready for a deep penetration into the rainforest. Blodwen let out a little baby-elephant squeal as I slid into her hot wet interior, and she dragged her pubic fur even wider apart, so that her lips bulged candy-coloured around my rock-hard shaft.

For a few furious minutes we rocked the boat. Then – as abruptly as it had juddered to a halt – it started off again. Blodwen hurriedly said: "Here." She took out my cock, and gave it three or four fierce rubs. Sperm jetted out, all over her breasts, dripping from her nipples, and she vigorously rubbed it in. "Makes them bigger," she assured me.

You can understand why I'm always in two minds about Wales, isn't it? I may dislike Neil Kinnock's face when he comes on television, but he makes me remember Wales, and the rumbustious Blodwen, and – misty eyed – I think to myself: "What a cunt."/*Ed Knox.*

M E D I A M A N I A

JWTHINGO 'N' VODKA

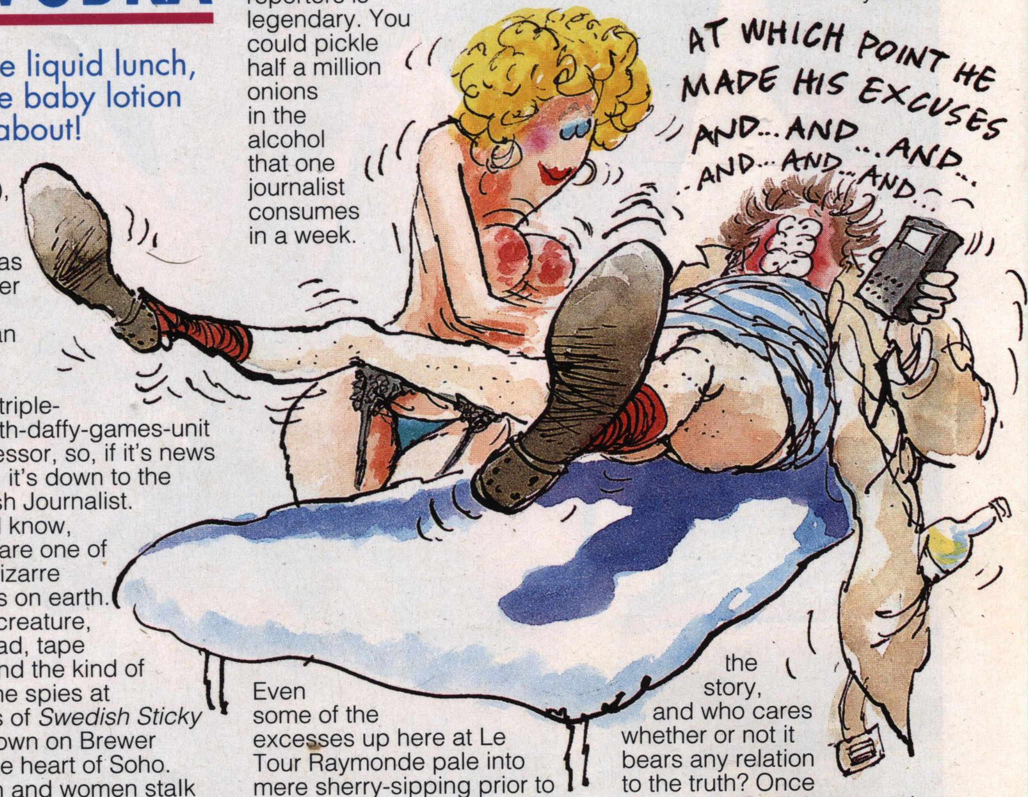
The truth behind the headlines! The liquid lunch, vomit stains and uses for hi-tensile baby lotion other mags dare not talk about!

Our modern world contains many horrors: Middle-East conflict, deepening recession, Jeremy Beadle – at every turn the average citizen not sufficiently cushioned by ethanol-based products needs to be constantly informed and updated as to Just What The Hell Is Going On (hereafter known as JWTHIGO).

In order for us to discern JWTHIGO, we require a media that possesses the all-encompassing grasp of an octopus; the fact-sifting ability of an IBM mainframe commuter de-luxe and the honorability and honesty of a corporate accountant.

Of course, we don't get that; certainly not through that greatest of British information outputs, the press. The press have themselves long given up on trying to discover JWTHIGO and, though they don't tell us, have opted for an alternative form of reality, safe in the knowledge that most people believe what they read in the papers and don't really give a bugger as long as it's got big tits. Let's face it, my cat has a better working knowledge of world affairs than the average *Sun* reporter (and a finer grasp of grammatical structure, for that matter), but, sadly, feline evolution has yet to master the 'on-off' button on an Amstrad 140TC23 megabyte-triple-function-with-daffy-games-unit word processor, so, if it's news we're after, it's down to the Great British Journalist.

As we all know, journalists are one of the more bizarre subspecies on earth. A strange creature, with notepad, tape recorder and the kind of raincoat one spies at screenings of *Swedish Sticky Gussets* down on Brewer Street in the heart of Soho. These men and women stalk the planet in search of a story – *any* bloody story, as long as it fills the space between Gazza's new haircut and those classified ads for exotic stretch-lycra underwear. As occupations go, it's a godforsaken task, as popular a calling in the eyes of the wide populace as that of the nurse with the finger stall whose task it is to oversee rectal examinations. Small wonder, therefore, that journalists, to a man, resort to that old infallible ally: alcohol. Booze consumption among reporters is legendary. You could pickle half a million onions in the alcohol that one journalist consumes in a week.



Even some of the excesses up here at Le Tour Raymonde pale into mere sherry-sipping prior to luncheon in comparison. And such titanic guzzling does, of course, affect what you read in your daily rag. A fierce defence of industry in the Scottish Highlands, for example, bears ample witness to the quality of the 12-year-old malt that went down so nicely at lunchtime. Likewise, a positive and uplifting column concerning Anglo-German relations can be directly linked to a pleasant afternoon in a dingy cellar quaffing pints of Kronendoppelschwanzbrau 1852. This is real journalism, an eye for the story, and who cares whether or not it bears any relation to the truth? Once you understand the accord between journalism and alcohol, the stories begin to make sense. When you've had a few swift shandies, does your mind become engrossed with the fundamental flaws in European Monetary Union? The hell it does – which is why, on the front page, we see far more profound issues explored under the headline:

MY NIGHTS OF BONK-CRAZED PASSION BY DIRTY DENISE (38-22-36). When it comes to JWTHIGO, hacks know that we Brits will take a bit of slap'n'tickle over a hard ECU any time.

Of course, the real fun is in tabloid journalism. Working on the kind of 'quality' paper that requires the services of a pantechnicon to port around all its various sections, is no fun at all. After all, such publications still aspire to a notion known as 'reputable journalism', which is about as much fun as a fortnight in Hemel Hempstead with the Llanelli Male Voice Choir. *GOVERNMENT CONSIDERS ACTION OVER POLL TAX* reads the headline, but you know the reporter in question, after his 32nd large gin and tonic and meths, really had in mind the screamer: *POLL TAX DROVE ME TO BONK-CRAZED PASSION SAYS JUICY JOHNNY MAJOR (40-40-40).* Quality journalists are the civil servants of the press: grey and respectable on the outside, but harbouring all kinds of crazed and lewd thoughts underneath their sombre Ganimex exterior. No wonder the editors of such weighty papers are driven to horizontal jogging sessions with dusky Asian bimborinas – they need the release. And if they're not allowed to splash all-nite rumpo exclusives across the front page, then at least their comrades won't go begging.

A reporter without alcohol is like a vibrator minus HP7 batteries; it cannot function in a satisfactory and fulfilling manner. Therefore, it must be a source of some concern to see an ever-increasing trend towards health burgeoning in the press. It started with simple Perrier ads, but now we have a full-blown epidemic: pull-out sections and supplements such as *The Mail Guide To Healthy Eating, Express Fitness For the 90s, The Robert Maxwell Slimming Plan* and *The Sport Guide To Bigger Tits.* These are disturbing portents, liable to have any Aztec worth his maize-leaf loincloth lobbing another sacrificial virgin on the pyre. What next? Shall we see journalists turning to the dreaded spritzer, the most abominable invention since Cecil Parkinson's patented spray-on smile? I am concerned. Concerned because I see the last bastion of true British degeneracy outside of this very office fall to the march of the health zealots. Irresponsible journalism is the cornerstone of democracy. When

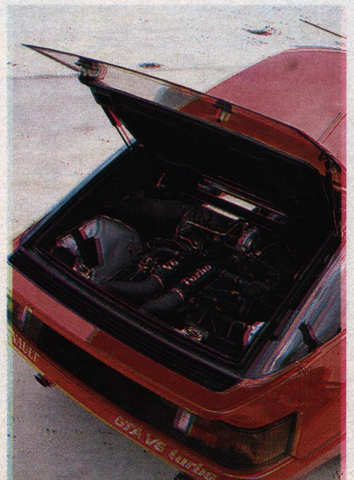
continued on page 27

le RENO *alpeen*

For a 155mph Supercar, the French built Alpine GTA, unlike its Porsche and Nissan counterparts, is an impressively practical full four-seater, while output of 1500 cars a year – by a skilled workforce in their hi-tech Dieppe factory – keeps it exclusive, yet ahead of Lotus and TVR.

Its pedigree is impeccable. The Alpine Company was formed by Jean Redele, an ex-Renault racing driver in 1956. Their most successful car, the A110, was built for 18 years and won many rallies, including the Monte Carlo, and in 1978 Alpine Renault's A4432 won at Le Mans. Today, Alpine is wholly owned by Renault.

One of the simplest and most enjoyably rewarding supercars to drive, the composite, plastic-bodied Alpine – with its tough backbone chassis and good aerodynamics – develops 214lbs/ft torque from its powerful 200bhp turbo-charged two and a half litre V6 engine at 2,500rpm. Driven quickly on the open road, there aren't many competitors who can keep up with its 50-70mph in gear acceleration time of 3 seconds, and its 60-80mph of 3.5 seconds. Petrol consumption is an impressive 30mpg on the highway.



KATHY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND

Kathy fell in love with a guy who, not to put too fine a point on it, thought his wossname was purely for stirring the tea with.

"It wasn't his fault; he was really strictly brought up. He was sweet, but you can imagine how frustrating it was. I didn't mind, really; I just liked being with him. But my parents didn't like him much. I mean, my mother is a very house-proud woman and you can imagine how I felt when we were all sitting round the table with this white linen table-cloth on, and all the trimmings, to see John pull out his plonker and dunk it in the Earl Grey."

Let this be a lesson to all models out there who are too tired to talk to us about themselves and are tempted to utter the immortal words: "Write what you like . . . 36-22-360."

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HOT & HARD - XXXRATED!

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continued from page 19

Wellington came out with his 'publish and be damned!' quote, he was referring to the advent of the *News Of The World,* who publish, are damned, but couldn't give a wank either way. We can't have a press that is homogenised, neutered and bland. I mean, have you ever *read* a Swiss newspaper? Lots of considered screed on EC directives on cuckoo clock chimes and the amount of holes per pound of Gruyère, which might very well be fine for a nation of chartered accountants like the Swiss, but not for a nation built on scandal, intrigue, piss-poor beer and sticking the boot in. Such is the credo of the British hack, willing to travel to any spot on the globe as long as it has an efficient bar service. Thus fortified, he will venture into the dingiest Bangkok brothel, the horniest Hamburg hostess bar, the naughtiest nightspot in Nantucket, in search of his story, regardless of the threat to life, limb or expense account. And don't believe that cop-out line, 'he made his excuses and left'. Did he heck as like!

With a drink at hand, our press is fearless. While the milksop squash playing tofu-nibbling dweebs from Europe and the States cower back at base, the UK hack is where the action is: in a foxhole 50 yards from the front line with a case of Auld Duncan's Intestine Purgative and a copy of *Men Only*. When the bombing of Baghdad began, much play was made of the CNN reporters in their hotel room; no one mentioned the Brits, because the Brits were still in the thick of the action down at Hassan's Camel Emporium and Bellydancing Speakeasy. War? What bloody war? Shuddup an' make that a large one.

Admit it. You *want* to know whether the bimbo girlfriend of that poncy popstar wore black or white lace undies, don't you? I know *I* do, which is why we must defend our inebriated journalists down to last orders itself. After all, without such a fine body of men and women we'd never know about the TV star and the rent boy, or the MP and the gerbil named Clarence (*'JUST GOOD FRIENDS,' STATES TIGHT-LIPPED MEMBER FOR CHIPPING BUMHOLE*). In fact, so highly do I value our press that, should some past indiscretion of mine come to light, I'm certain that they would treat the matter in a responsible and restrained manner. Our press is wonderful. Our journalists the finest craftspersons in the world. And under no circumstances am I saying that because I still haven't found those pictures of myself, Daphne Hugeglands, Lord Lucan, Adolf Hitler, Shergar and Ricky the Inflatable Racoon enjoying a little innocent fun at our local massage parlour in Brockley. Ain't no skeletons in my closet!/*Howard Lake.*

FEEBLE • EXCUSES

NOT MY VAULT GUV!

30 fab reasons for being caught tunnelling into a bank vault – from our renowned expert currently doing 10-15 years in Parkhurst . . .

30. I'm a chronic miser with an insecurity complex: I wanted to be somewhere I could feel a little safe.

29. Australian Geological Survey Squad, cobber. Looks like we got a bit carried away.

28. I could've sworn this place had gone self-service.

27. These new power tools, eh! And I was only digging for a couple of worms.

26. So this is where our old wishing-well comes out.

25. Sellafield Mutant Gastropod Security Patrol, sir. You haven't seen a giant soil slug pass this way, have you?

24. So there I was, clay-pigeon-shooting, and – crikey! – that gun must have had a hell of a kick.

23. It's a simple, honest, innocent mistake. I meant to break into the jeweller's.

22. That ruddy dog's buried my slippers down here somewhere.

21. I start work for the National Health Service tomorrow; this is the nearest I'm going to get to real money for some time.

20. I thought the change would do me good.

19. Don't worry; when she hears what a carry-on it is to get in here, my Daphne'll go off this safe sex lark.

18. Do you expect me to wait until there's a real air raid before I go looking for shelter?

17. Call an ambulance! I'm having an acute attack of povertyphobia.

16. I'm working my way up to a raid on Andrew Lloyd Webber's piggy bank.

15. Dash it! The vicar warned me not to be too enthusiastic on my first day as a gravedigger.

14. Whoops! Sorry, I thought I heard a phone.

13. I'm a member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Cruelty to Subterranean Insects: we've had reports of grievous millipede foot-tickling down here.

12. Maybe I misread the brochure, but I thought it said you welcomed reliable burrowers.

11. I've had a flaming row with the Bowls Club greenkeeper; I'm looking for a mole.

10. Look, I happen to like 10-year maximum security prison sentences – all right?

9. I'm seeking sanctuary from a band of property speculators; they'll never come within a million miles of honest money.

8. Darling! I manished to find my way home from the offish party, hic!

7. Just trying to save you a little wear and tear on the old cash card.

6. I was on the original vault construction crew; I think I left my lunch down here somewhere.

5. I'm a fan of alarm bell music.

4. You thought this was an audacious bank robbery. But tonight, Fred Nodule – ace security guard and pigeon-fancier – This Is Your Life!

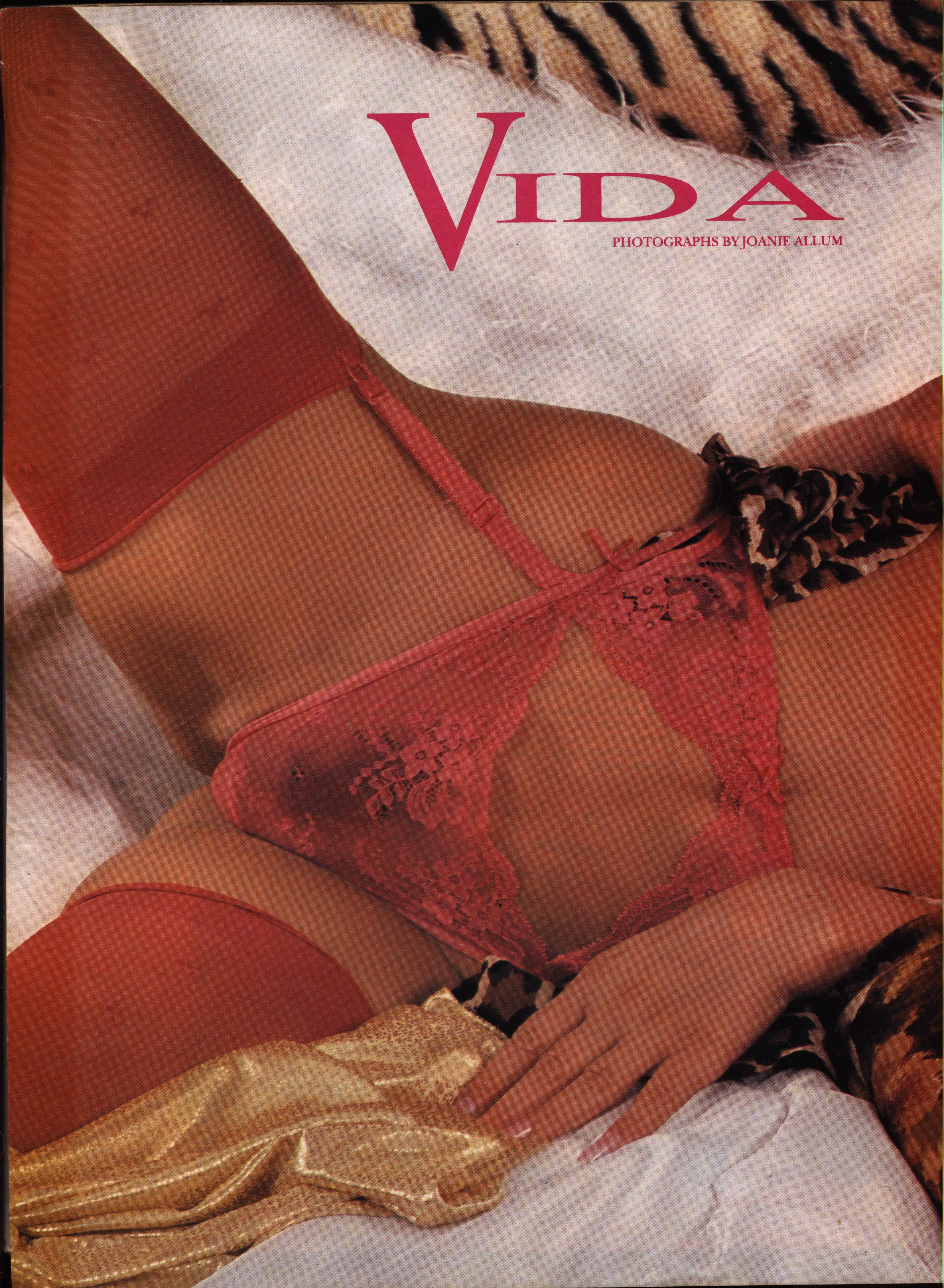
3. There's the hole for your connection: now – for a measly 20 per cent down-payment and 24 monthly instalments – you, too, can have cable TV.

2. I just wanted to save the manager the embarrassment of saying 'no' again.

1. With your opening hours, I thought you'd be grateful to see anyone in here!

VIDA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM



You wouldn't think it to look at her, but Vida is the girl who picked the Black Forest gâteau off the sweet trolley at our local pizzarrhoea and put it on the chair of Doctor Bruce Bullworker (Legal Dept.) as he came back from the lavatory, having had a J. Arthur. (He always says he's going for a J. Arthur, because he thinks rhyming slang is chic. He also thinks J. Arthur stands for J. Arthur Riddle, and puts down the roars of laughter that greet these announcements to his natural wit.) None of which had anything to do with Vida covering the seat of his pants with whipped cream. That was on account of a suggestion he made to her to the effect that they go up the apples for a four-by-two – which he insists he believed to mean: "It's a lovely day for the time of year." (38-22-37)

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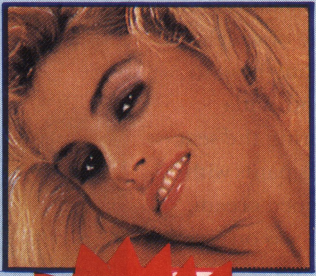

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T H E
DAPHNE HUGEGLANDS
C O L U M N

The only girl in the world to have a housing estate built over her left tit explains what life is all about.

Dear Daphne: Ever since I first set eyes on your fabulous face and your unfettered orbs, I have been an ardent fan, tugging my poor tadger mercilessly five, six, even seven times a day as I fantasise about making mad, passionate, orgiastic love to you.

Oh, Daphne, I realise this must remain a fantasy, but just the chance to meet you and simply shake your hand would be like a dream come true for me.

I'm a little strapped for cash at the moment, but, when I can stretch to it, might a humble Geordie be allowed to train down to London and take up no more than a minute or two of your valuable time?

(Harry Harbottle, Hetton-le-Hole.)

Dear Harry: What a sweet letter. Of course you can come and see me just as soon as you can stretch to it. Anything over six and a half inches is fine by me.

Dear Daphne: I am founder and president of SPARSE (the Society for the Physically and Sexually Under-endowed). I wonder if you would consider donating one of your brassières for a fund-raising auction in support of our small, unregistered charity.

(Nathanial Smallpiece, 'Pixy Haven', Littlehampton.)

Dear Nathanial: Unfortunately, I'm in need of all the support I can get, but I am sending you a large, signed photograph of my left breast as an inspiration to all your female members. As for your male members, please be assured that I have enjoyed many highly satisfactory relationships with men who believed themselves under-endowed. They were just as sexy as their better-endowed cousins – only, of course, harder to spot.

Dear Daphne: For the past month I have had this amazing recurring dream. I imagine I am lying in bed at night, the door opens and you walk in. Without saying a word, you take off all your clothes, approach the bed and whip off the duvet, exposing my now hugely engorged sex prodder. (I sleep without pyjamas.)

You then bend over my waist, taking hold of my swollen, thick-veined shaft, and draw it seductively between the massive, firm-fleshed slopes of your mighty mammaries, swallowing its entire length, except for the last six inches which pokes up out of your cleavage.

Cupping a fleshy globe in each hand, you begin to agitate your mega-boobs, squeezing, massaging and tantalising my entrapped penis. At the same time, your warm breath fans the bloated tip of my knob, inflaming my gland and sending waves of shivering ecstasy up and down my body.

As my pleasure mounts to almost unendurable heights, you speak for the first time, uttering those magic words that thrill the heart of every red-blooded male: "Do it, Big Boy – coat my boobs with your incredible love cream. Let's see that spunk fly!"

Needless to say, this is more than taut flesh and pounding blood can stand. With a climactic roar, I clap my hands over your gorgeous globes, thrust my stupendous rod forward, and erupt in a gargantuan, gushing love splash all over your quivering nipples, while you moan in supreme satisfaction.

So vivid is this dream, I can only believe it to be a premonition. Daphne, I feel that Fate is driving us, willy-nilly, toward each other. This thing is clearly bigger than the both of us. Why struggle against Destiny? Name the place and date and I'll be there.

(Stanley Nostradamus, Tooting.)

Dear Stanley: Alas, Fate can be cruel as well as kind. Much as I like the thought of your prodder sticking six inches out of my cleavage, I have to say that an 18-inch stiffy would be too much of a good thing, even for me.

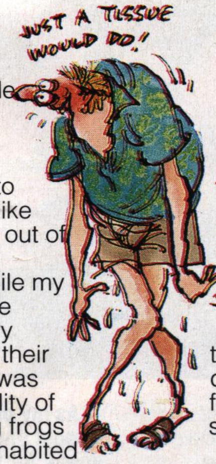
F U T I L E • S E X
COMMUNITY CHEST

When Tessa's blueberries are up for grabs, an inverted dinghy makes a perfect bonk boudoir – especially when Pop and his shotgun are on the prowl!

Doctor Blueberry's Boys' Camp was set in an otherwise unblemished part of Pennsylvania. I needed a summer job to get out of New York, where I was living, and in my innocence applied to be a counsellor at the camp. God help me, I was accepted.

The only female there, apart from a mongrel bitch belonging to the chef, was Tessa Blueberry. She was about 18, with a bosom that was more like a poop deck than mammary equipment, and a faraway sexy smile which enhanced everyone's frustration.

Known by the boys as 'Boom-Boom', or 'The Community Chest', Tessa had long black hair and the sort of hips that brought to mind Holst's *Music of the Spheres*, but any further exposition of her anatomy had to be imagined, because her father had put a price on her virginity that it would have taken Fort Knox to provide. Her hymen, it was decided, was probably worth more in his terms than *The Turin Shroud*, and much conjecture occupied the celibate summer evenings as to how she would perform, if ever any of us had had a chance to give her a road test. But this was a dream of concupiscence, and anyone who had tried it would have been sent back to New York immediately with a bullet hole between the eyes.



There was a sizeable boating lake at the camp, with several boats: the only outboard belonged to Blueberry and was, like his daughter, strictly out of bounds.

One afternoon, while my ghastly charges were writing the mandatory Wednesday letter to their appalling parents, I was enjoying the tranquillity of the place by feeding frogs to the snakes that inhabited ths herpetorium behind the dining-room. This was where natural history lessons took place, although it seemed hard luck on the frogs, who usually disappeared with expressions of extreme resentment as the snakes took them from the legs upward.

"Hi." I swung round, to see The Community Chest standing in the doorway.

"Hello," I answered thickly; she was wearing a bathing suit and her bosom seemed prime for a boarding party.

"I guess everyone's writing or reading. Care for a run on the lake?" she asked.

I would need to be able at least to walk on it if Blueberry saw us – he would not hesitate to lay into a mere mortal who accompanied his daughter.

"In the outboard?" I asked.

"If you like," she replied. "Or maybe it would be more fun to sail. I know a hidden place we can land about 15 minutes away from here."

God, that smile. It was not as faraway as usual but its invitation sent the gonads flickering with expectation.

Nobody saw us as we climbed into the sailing boat and Tessa cast off. We went round a small headland, cutting off sight of the camp, and I imagined Blueberry, a big man with a nose like a toucan and a wall eye, applying a telescope to it and dragging his shotgun from its rack as he sprinted for the outboard.

What little wind there had been faded away, and we were becalmed. Tessa slid towards me, as I sat holding the rudder like an onanistic talisman.

"I love Papa," she told me, "but he's always there. It's as though what I've got was a sort of investment that has to be protected. I don't think I've even been able to get near enough to a boy to kiss him." She was close now, and I shifted to balance her weight as the boat heeled slightly.

Fear of Blueberry was banished by lust, as Tessa's bronzed leg touched mine; our mouths opened and we started to blend from the upper storey, Tessa's magnificent outworks hard against mine, nipples like grape-shot.

"Let me see it," she gasped, withdrawing me as she spoke. Her glance was superficial, for at that moment the boat capsized.

To do the girl justice, she didn't let go, and we came up in the seclusion of the inverted deck-well, the mast and sail providing a surrealist background as they reached downward towards the bottom of the lake.

"Don't let's stop," Tessa breathed, as she pulled down her bathing suit. "I've been wanting to do this for a long time."

"Darling!" I could scarcely breathe, even though my face was safely above the waterline. I had just deprived her of her virginity with a satisfactory if painful penetration – I could almost hear the protective shield snap like overburdened elastic – when the sound of an outboard coughing in the distance impinged on our ecstasy.

"Oh, God," I groaned. "Your father's coming."

"He's not the only one!" she almost screamed. "Come with me – he won't get the engine started for at least two more tries."

I did my best to obey her, but passion in an overturned yacht with a dementedly possessive parent on his way to rescue what it was too late to rescue, prevented me. The distant cough turned into a clattering roar, and rapidly drew nearer.

"Quick, we'll have to pretend to right the boat," I said. "Your father will kill me!"

"Anyone can capsize," she said. "I'll tell him I made you come with me."

We pushed valiantly at the rim of the deck as the outboard hove to alongside.

"You all right, honey?" cried Blueberry.

"Yeah, I'm fine, Papa."

"Halter, you all right, too?" he asked, looking at me with grave suspicion.

"He's been wonderful, Papa," Tessa said, "but I guess we just couldn't get positioned correctly to get the boat upright."

It seemed to me that the positioning, considering the circumstances, had been pretty good. Blueberry reached out a huge, hairy-backed hand like a marine tarantula and hauled his daughter out of the water. I looked at her crotch anxiously; she had pulled up her costume, but there might be a spot of blood or the remains of a fractured hymen to give us away.

Fortunately, there were no such anatomical clues to our passion, but I must have looked suspiciously radiant, for Blueberry scowled into my face as he hauled me up and deposited me in the outboard's scuppers, whence I managed to climb upright.

"Halter was feeding the snakes," Tessa said, "so I asked him to come for a sail."

The relevance of watching an outraged frog slide helplessly down a snake's gullet to losing one's cherry in an upturned boat didn't immediately strike me, but it had to do. Blueberry could hardly send for a gynaecologist to do a spot check at that moment.

We righted the boat and took her in tow, while Tessa managed for a moment to catch my eye without Blueberry seeing, and winked.

She had lost her faraway look.*/Halter Warris.*

QUIZZLE

COCK AND BULLSHIT

Red sky at night, shepherd's delight – and a sheep's worst nightmare. Test your knowledge of EC organic pot noodle quotas!

1. *Would the greatest crisis in the history of British farming be:*

a) Unbribable officials being appointed to the Ministry of Agriculture?
b) Russell Grant becoming a vegetarian?
c) Pigs developing a taste for caviare?
d) Sheep developing a taste for celibacy?
e) Fraud Squad officers developing a taste for examining farmers' tax returns?

2. *Does NFU stand for:*

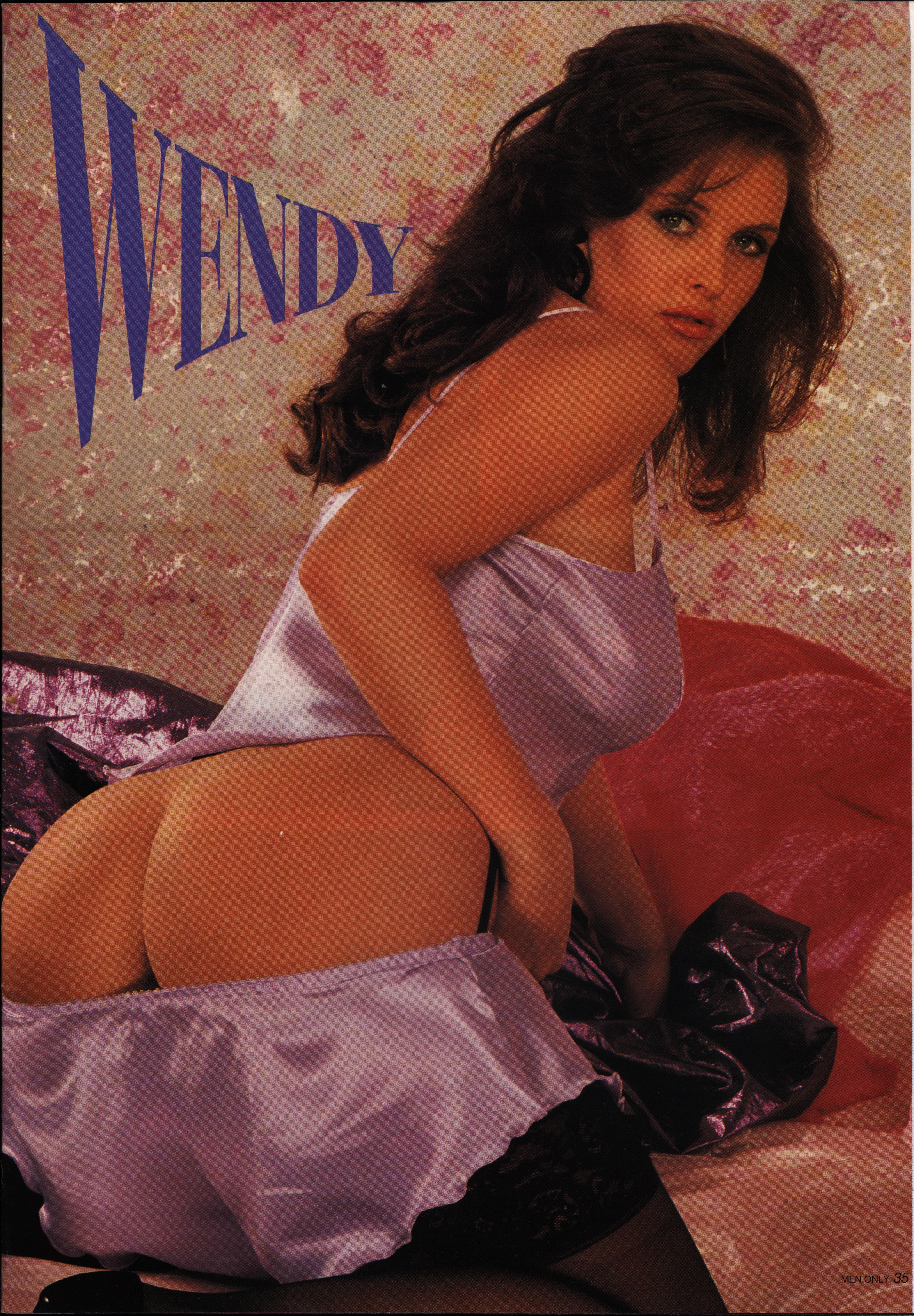
a) Northwich Federation of Urologists?
b) Nocturnal Fondlers of Udders?
c) Never Fart in an Undertaker's?
d) Nowadays, Food is Ugh!?
e) Noxious, Festering and Uncouth?

3. *You are a busy dairy farmer. Waking one morning half an hour before you went to bed, you dubbin your feet, don your bullshit-proof vest and carpet wellies, and plod your weary way downstairs to the wall-to-wall fitted straw of your hallway, where, by the the cow's foot umbrella-stand near your Georgian front gate, you happen upon a French letter. It's from an EC Agricultural Minister, saying he's considering a tour of British farms. Do you advise him to:*

a) Practise bleeding?
b) Brush up the English for: "Help! I'm seriously lacerated and I think my leg's broken in 42 places"?
c) Refrain from starting any long novels?
d) Play safe and consider a Jaffa orange promotion in Beirut, instead?

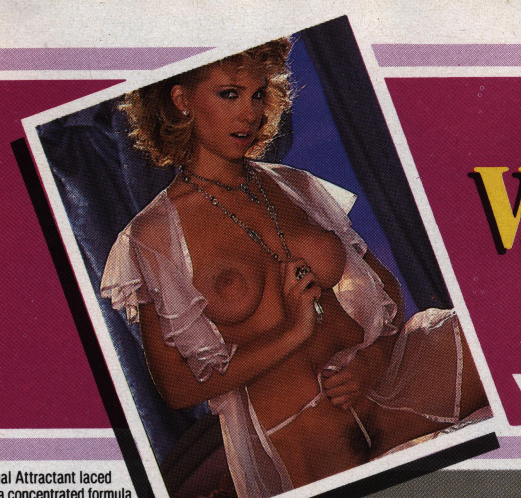
continued on page 41

WENDY



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

To tell the truth, Wendy wasn't a great favourite up here in Raymond Towers. Mainly because she used to rush around opening windows, flapping her arms around and moaning about the cigarette smoke. And then she'd always be sure to warn us that we drank too much. And then she'd stare with wondering eyes at the Dep Ed, unable to believe the swift advance of his belly, and things like that.
Then, suddenly, it all stopped. She'd found her man, you see, and it was taking her all her time reforming him – so we could all go to hell in a handcart, for all she cared. At which time we began to find she was really rather fun. And really she was only doing it for her own good. She likes to do men good, which is why she bought that incredible satin wossname to accentuate her lovely bits (33-21-35).



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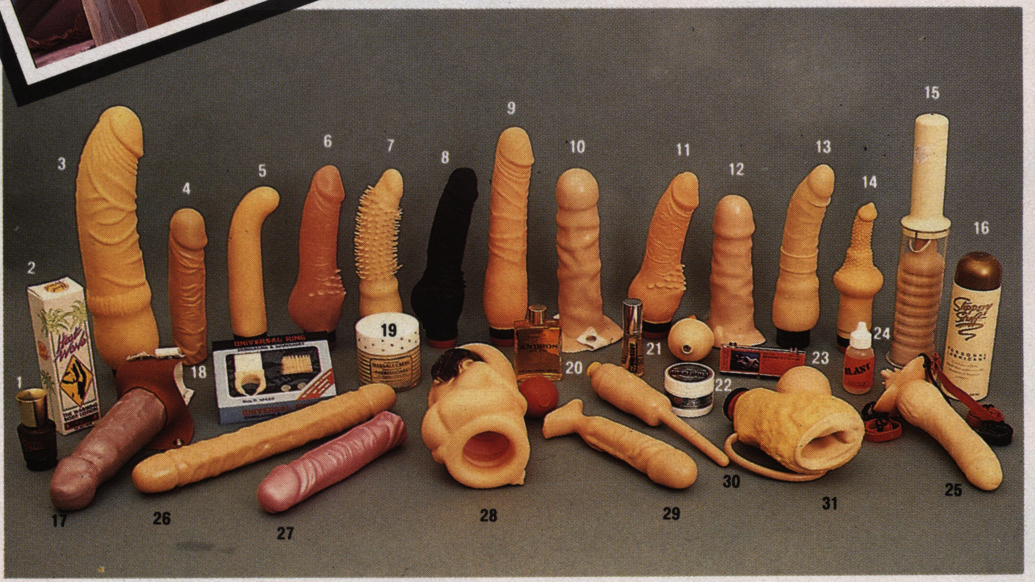

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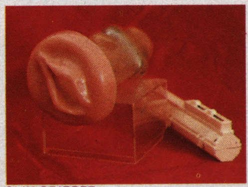

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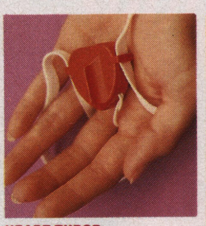

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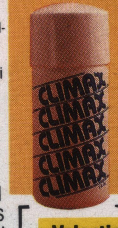

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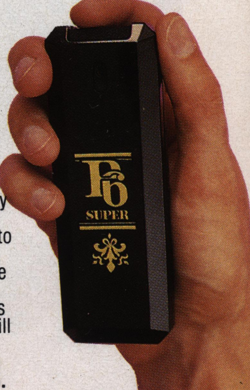

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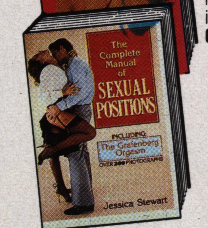

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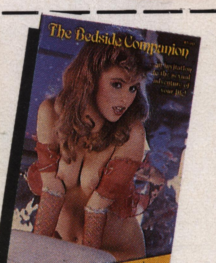

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BCO

continued from page 34

e) Stop writing to you on prophylactics?

4. *Is a right of way across a ploughed field called a:*
a) Furrow-fare?
b) Six-foot electrified fence with half a dozen *KEEP OUT!* signs and a gin-trap in front of it?
c) Right of way across a ploughed field?
d) Suicide bid?
e) Pig?

5. *Would you stop sheep worrying by:*
a) Reassuring them?
b) Putting them on a course of tranquillisers?
c) Cancelling your bulk mint sauce deliveries?
d) Making vasectomies compulsory for rams?
e) Making vasectomies compulsory for shepherds?

6. *Do farmers wake up early to:*
a) Make sure all their cattle are blocking the main road in time for the rush hour?
b) Make sure all their money is counted in time for tea?
c) Turn off the cockerel?
d) Milk the paper boy?
e) Avoid dawn raids from the Inland Revenue?

7. *The peas and quiet of the countryside. Birds singing. Bees buzzing. Trees keeping pretty much to themselves. You and your sweetheart are just snuggling down behind a hedge to make the most of the idyllic seclusion, when a tractor suddenly backs up and dumps about three-hundredweight of manure on your head. Do you:*
a) Think it might be some time before you can tell people there are no flies on you again?
b) Tell the farmer you don't have to take this kind of shit from anyone?
c) Sprout two new limbs and begin growing at a prodigious rate?
d) Reckon no one'll notice the smell because you use Brut, anyway?
e) Feel it's your own fault for having an affair with a stick of rhubarb?

8. *Is the customary term for requesting stray persons to remove themselves forthwith from farmland:*
a) "Gerrouttafit-yer-ruddee-turdnangler!"?
b) "Gerrouttafit-yer-ruddee-turdnangler, please!"?
c) "**** ***!"?
d) "Under Rule 293, Subsection 7, Clause 36B of the Common Market Agreement on Agricultural Land Use and Anti-Trespassing Measures 1988 (Revised), you have precisely 5 minutes and 48 seconds to . . . Oh, you've gone!"?
e) "Mind the bull!"?

9. *You are combine-harvesting your wheatfield, when you nod off, crash through a fence, and combine a Ford Sierra on the M25. Do you hope:*
a) It's a travelling salesman?
b) It hasn't used up all your baler-twine?
c) The police won't accuse you of being a cereal killer?
d) Everyone will be too busy trying to bounce middle-aged lady drivers out of the middle lane to notice?
e) You haven't exceeded your EC mangled-corpse quota?

How did you score?

a10 b100 c0 d200 e150

0 *Eggsecrable. In farmyard terms, you had a pretty fowl time with this quiz. You came up with some hentirely feather-brained answers, made a cock-up, and scored a duck. No poultry eggscuses; you're a turkey.*

10-20 *Eggspletory. Your score and, coincidently, the average percentage of a farmer's income declared to the Inland Revenue each year.*

30-100 *Eggscruciating. You're not exactly an expert on farming. You think a cowherd is someone who's afraid of dairy cattle, and your idea of livestock is an Oxo cube plugged into the mains. Even so, if you're interested in a career in agriculture, farmers could certainly use you on the land; you'd be cheaper than fertilizer.*

110-200 *Eggsemplary. You're the typical cattle farmer. The care and concern you demonstrate for your animals is without compare. You spend long hours feeding and grooming them. You nurse them through sickness, shelter them from cold, clean them, befriend them, guard them, protect them – do anything, in fact, to ensure their comfort and continued well-being. And then you kill them. Your mother wasn't a preying mantis, was she?*

210-400 *Eggsotic. You may not possess the traditional farm characteristics and be a pig-headed, ham-fisted, cabbage-eared, hen-pecked, shell-shocked, bullshitting, pea-brained has-bean – the sort of person who put the 'ugh' in plough; but you show great potential for spreading muck around, among cabbages. Set yourself up as an organic farmer, or get a job as a Sun gossip columnist.*

210-600 *Eggstraordinary. Despite recent scares and scandals, you have full and utter confidence in the safety of food produced by modern farmers. And quite right, too! The food is perfectly safe. It's eating it that's dangerous.*

610-800 *Eggsorbitant. The only corn you've ever produced was on your foot; the only lamb you've raised was on the end of your fork; and the only thing you're likely to milk is the taxpayers' pocket. You're an EC farmer.*

810-1000 *Eggsceptional. With such an evident aptitude for agriculture, you'd be well-advised to abandon your present career and seek a new vocation down on the farm. Naturally, all those rude noises and strange smells might come as a shock at first. But don't worry – the animals will soon get used to them.*

1010-1100 *Eggscentric. There's nothing you like better than to wander up into the hills, let your shaggy old companion off the leash and spend the day whistling instructions at her to round up the sheep. Admittedly, such jobs have to be done on a farm, but is this any way to treat your wife?*

1110-1300 *Eggscellent. You have little interest in modern western agriculture. You reckon rape seed oil is a criminal offence, and as far as you're concerned, manure is just a load of crap. But as you're clearly adept at tending for male bovine cattle from the Middle East, why not become an arab-bull farmer?*

1310-1500 *Eggscremental. In these days of farm quotas, cutbacks and disasters, you're one of the few people who regularly produce a lot of food. Pity it's regurgitated and deposited down the walls of your local every Friday night.*

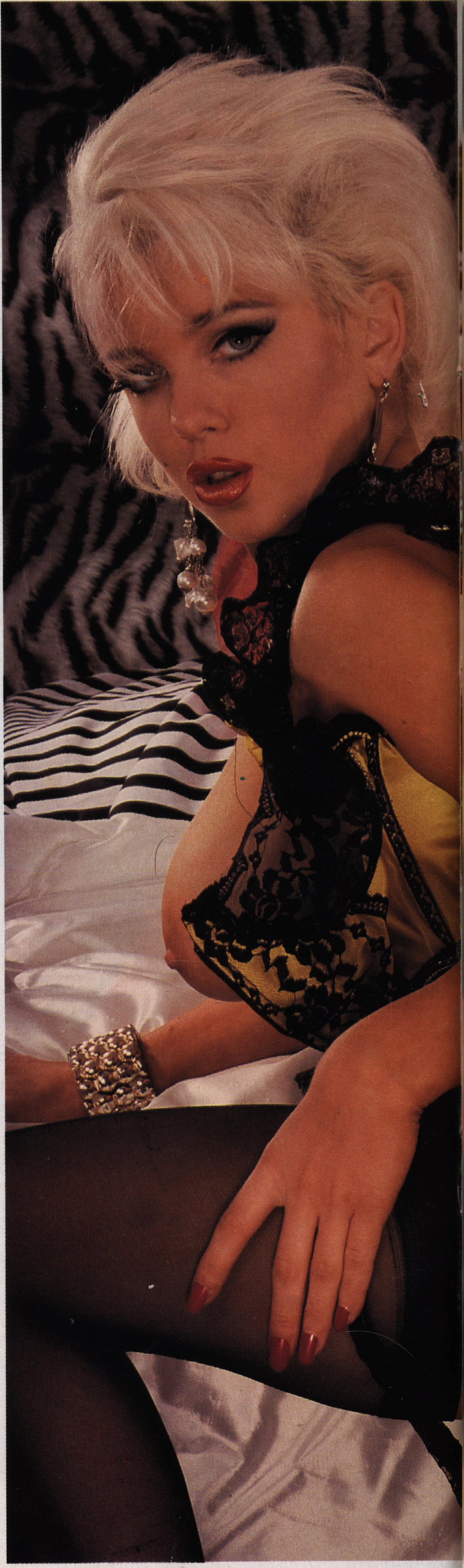
1510-1700 *Eggspendable. You are to farming what Michaela Strachan is to fundamental particle physics. You think a quota is American for 25 cents, and milk clusters are something you find in a box of chocolates. Your idea of a Rhode Island Red is Tony Benn on a roundabout, and you'd demand the death penalty at a sheepdog trial. It may surprise you to learn that a pig pen is not what policemen use to write speeding tickets, and turnips are not something midgets have at the bottom of their underpants. In fact, you're ill-equipped to deal responsibly with anything remotely connected with farming. Try getting a job in the Ministry of Agriculture, instead.*

1710-1800 *Eggscessive. You're a true farmer. Up at 5.13 each morning. Out toiling in the fields – come wind, rain, hail or holidays – until nightfall, when you return home for a simple meal and a primitive wash. Then you crawl upstairs, tired and weary but fulfilled and satisfied, to be tucked safely in bed by 9.30 prompt each evening. God, you must be a real fun person to know!*

Sharen

photographs by joanie allum

The great thing about looking down the barmaid's cleavage just before closing time is that you can see four tits. And two barmaids to chat up and take out for a great time after closing. The problem is, when men get that drunk they usually leave with the wrong one. That's what Sharen says. Anyway, she found pulling pints a dead loss when it came to pulling blokes, decided jumping up and down and waving her knickers in the air would be better, and became a stripper. Didn't work. She ended up with guys who really preferred to watch. So she quit, got herself a pair of glasses and became a librarian. It always works in films. And it seemed that things were definitely looking up when a handsome young man took her glasses off, got her to let down her hair, and then declared she was so beautiful that she really ought to be in pictures. For once, it happened to be true. This man was working for a photographer. Well, Sharen was in high hopes, until she discovered that the photographer was also beautiful – and decidedly a woman. Sharen's real problem with blokes is she's too picky. I mean, she wants a man "who loves me for myself, and not my body (36-22-36)." Although she doesn't say how on earth we're supposed to tell them apart.



MEN ONLY

LONG JANE SIZZLER

"Fifteen cunts on a dead man's dick,
Yo ho ho an' a bottle of rum,
Turns it stiff as a candlestick,
Yo ho ho – an' a barrel of cum!"
'Tis by Pirate Warris, me hearties.

'Twas on the schooner *Venus* – by God, you should've seen us! I sat on the poopdeck with me merry shipmates, passin' round the grog and singin' all the filthiest shanties of the Spanish Main. We'd been at sea non-stop for three months, an' never a woman to be seen from Tortuga to Caracas. Every so often, one of the crew would get up and stagger below, to cool his throbbing tackle in the bilge. But not me. I'd had so much rum I'd forgotten what a woman was. Shiver me timbers! I'd even forgotten pulling my pud.

Jim Hawkspit's the name. I ran away to sea when I was but a nipper. Five years I served as cabin-boy aboard the *Venus*. Five years before the mast, d'ye say? More like five years back to the wall. But now I was a grown man, an' I'd risen to be bo'sun's mate. Now don't *'ee* look at me like that. I always practised safe sex – well, what else are Mates for?

The bottle passed round again, and the sea-dogs sang:
"O Shenandoah, I long to tup you.
A-a-way, you horny hooker!
I'll shoot a dozen gallons up you.
Away I'm bound to go, up the wide Vagina."

All at once comes a yell from the crow's nest: "Pirate ship on the starboard bow!"

We looked up in horror and there 'twas, bearing down on us – two hundred tons of friggin' frigate.

With many a yell and many a fart the crew staggered to their feet, drawing their cutlasses and preparing to repel boarders. That is, all the crew but me. I was so loaded, my legs were as limp as a tadpole's tadger.

Next second, a dozen grappling irons had caught us by the bulwarks and 50 buccaneers were swinging down on ropes from the frigate, armed to the teeth, stripped to the waist and a-shriekin' like castrated geckoes.

I saw the jaws of the *Venus's* crew all drop simultaneously.

One of the pirates had landed near me. As I stared through swimming eyes, it dawned on me fuddled brain that this weren't normal.

"There's something fuckin' queer," thought I, "about this buccaneer." And about all the others.

Not one of 'em had a beard, see. Or a curling moustache, or even a five-o'clock shadow. What's more, their voices as they yelled their war-cries were kinda high and shrill-like. And what's more than more, each of their hairless naked chests sported a pair of big, rounded, sharp-tipped globes of flesh that swung to and fro as they rushed across the deck.

"Avast the barnacles!" my shipmates cried. "'Tis Long Jane Sizzler's fearful frigate full of female freebooters!"

The two crews faced each other warily. The women eyed the men and the men eyed the women, and as they eyed each other their faces broke out in smiles. Each sailor began to swell amidships, till it looked like he had a bowsprit in his britches. The girls contemplated the beckoning bulges, their eyes a-sparklin' and their tongues a-lickin' their lips. Flushes showed on their smooth suntanned cheeks. A chorus of gentle moans arose and made the sails belly.

Next second, every seadog had dropped his cutlass and yanked out his weapon. The pirate maidens started squirming out of their britches and running across the quarterdeck, while the sea breeze blew the scent of ammonia through the *Venus* from stem to stern. And soon, me proud buckoes, every lass of that pirate crew was enjoying a Jolly Roger. There was jig-a-jigging in the rigging, fornicating on the grating, balls were clanking on the planking as far as the eye could see.

And of all the *Venus's* valiant crew, there was only one that didn't screw. That was me, but I was determined not to miss out any longer. Grabbing hold of the mizzen mast, I pulled myself to my feet and paused to ease my swimming head. Then I unfastened the fly of my britches and pulled out the saucy *Arethusa*. Bugger me binnacle! I'd drunk so much, the poor prong just dangled there like a second-hand condom. With trembling fingers, I reached down to take the useless winkle in hand, but before I could touch it . . .

SQUAAAAWWWRRRRKKKK!

A shrieking, rainbow-coloured thunderbolt shot down from the top-gallant and caught my tool in a sharp-edged vice. I jumped almost six feet in the air and banged my head on the lower yard-arm. When the stars had stopped spinning, I looked down and saw what had got me in its grip.

'Twas a parrot, me buckoes: bright blue, green and red it was, and it held my foreskin fast between the iron jaws of its beak. As I goggled, it began to flap its wings slowly and make for the bow of the ship, dragging me yelping behind it. Up a ladder we went until we found ourselves on the captain's bridge. There stood four female pirates, a-slappin' their thighs and a-guffawin' at my horrible plight.

The parrot let me go and flew up on to the shoulder of the biggest wench. I sank to my knees at her feet.

She was a tall, statuesque beauty, strong as any man and built like a flag-ship's figurehead. She was wearing a tricorn hat, a long double-breasted coat all bedecked with gold braid, and a pair of gleaming, thigh-length seaboots. Her hair was red and hung in long, oily curls over her shoulders. A solid gold tool and scrotum dangled from her left ear. And I tell *'ee*, mateys, there were never two cannon-balls fired on the Spanish Main to compare with the couple that swelled beneath her greatcoat at chest level.

"You m-m-must be Long Jane Sizzler," I stammered.

"I bain't Mother Theresa," she replied.

Puzzled, I stared at her fine, strong thighs. "B-b-but . . . I always thought you only had one leg."

"Not me, Jim lad," Long Jane chuckled. "My left leg's strong an' my right leg's fine, an' between 'em I have a fuckin' good time."

"Pieces of arse!" squawked the parrot on her shoulder.

"Be that the famous Captain Flint?" I asked.

"Prong me portholes, no! This bird be named after a higher rank than captain, and a bigger pirate than any that ever sailed the Seven Seas."

"Then he must be . . ."

"That's right. Jim lad. He be Colonel North."

"Pieces of shredded documents!" the parrot screamed.

Meanwhile, down below on the quarterdeck, the voices of the crew were raised in song:
"Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Where have you been all the day, me Billy Boy?
I've been humping Nancy Bligh,
An' she's sucked me bollocks dry.
Nancy, Nancy, no fuckin' chance-y,
O me darlin' Billy Boy."

I knelt on the bridge with my schlong swaying gently in the southwesterly breeze. "What do you want with me, Long Jane?" I wheezed.

"Arr, Jim lad," the lady pirate smiled. "I be here to make inquiries on the subject of a certain Mr. Billy Boner."

My heart sank. My half-inch of tool shrivelled till you could have fitted it in a limpet shell. Billy Boner – I'd known that old salt on the Isle of Tortuga. Good mates we'd been, till the rum an' the shagging finally did for him. 'Twas after he'd spent three days and nights on the trot with Poxy Pat, the Bahaman Bicycle, that he knew he'd soon be sailing into Valhalla on the noon tide. Then it was he told me his great secret – the secret every pirate of the Spanish Main longed to know: the whereabouts of the

place called Treasure Island!

"They do say," Long Jane continued, "that before he slipped his moorings, old Billy tattooed a map of the isle upon your person, Jim. Be that true?"

I didn't answer. The ship's cat had climbed up the inside of my throat and sat on my tongue. Long Jane nodded wisely.

"I reckon, me hearties," she announced to her three shipmates, "'tis your job to find out where that same map be."

The trio of pirates advanced upon me, bare titties swelling before them like topsails in a high gale. They lifted me to my feet and began to unfasten my shirt and britches. I'll say this for 'em, mind, they were polite about it. Before they peeled me like a pear, they introduced themselves like perfect ladies.

"They call me Black Dog," said the one with the long black hair.

"And I'm Beige Beaver," said the blonde.

"Puce Pussy at your service," said the one whose hair I couldn't see, on account of the scarlet bandana she had wrapped around her head.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," I croaked, as their busy fingers got to work on my buttons.

Well now, me buckoes, you'll likely be a-thinkin' that a man might enjoy the experience I was having then: three fine, gorgeous, bare-breasted bimbos shucking me out of me clothes and rubbing their bodies all over mine. To be sure, I could feel their hard nipples boring into my back, chest and thighs, and their breaths made goosebumps stand up on my skin. Beige Beaver, who was evidently a passionate wench, took my right nipple between her pouting lips and nuzzled it with her sharp little teeth. She might as well have tried a fan-dance at a Moral Majority meeting. What with the rum and the terror, I was feeling as sexy as a jellyfish on bromide.

They examined me all over, then they turned to Long Jane in dismay. "We can't find no map nowhere," they chorused.

"Ye mangy swabs!" snarled the pirate queen. "Look again, or 'twill be the rope's end for ye all!"

"Promises promises," they chuckled.

'Twas Beige Beaver, crouching at my feet and scrutinising my crotch, who guessed the truth. "Look!" she cried, pointing to my flaccid cock. "Whatever be that?"

The other girls grinned haughtily. "Don't *'ee* try an' tell us you never saw nothing like that before."

"No, look," she insisted. "All down its length to the root – blue and green lines, just like . . ."

"Ha-harrr!" yelled Long Jane. "So that's where Billy Boner tattooed the map!"

"Must be a hell of a small island," Beige Beaver grunted.

"More of an atoll," I gasped between gritted teeth. "Sort of sausage-shaped."

Suddenly, Captain Sizzler's face darkened. "Screw me scuppers! How can we read where the treasure's hid if your plonker's all shrivelled up like seaweed?" She yanked out a wicked, curvy dagger and held it to my scrotum. "Do *'ee* know what I'm a-gonna make ye do now, Jim lad?"

"W-w-w-walk the plank?"

"Oh no," she snarled. "I'm a-gonna make ye wank the plonk."

Did I have a choice? Grabbing the little squiggle of flesh in both hands, I pounded at it like I was mixing a milkshake. I forced myself to think of all the women us seadogs find sexy: J*m*e L*e C*rt*s, Br*g*tte Ne*ls*n, M*rg*r*et Th*tch*r, N*ncy Re*g*n . . . 'Twere no good. After five arm-aching minutes I let go and leaned against the helm, panting.

"I reckon," said Long Jane, "that he needs a bitty encouragement."

She whispered rapidly in Black Dog's ear. The dark-haired girl grinned and scampered off to the captain's cabin. A moment later she returned, carrying a bottle of scented bath-oil, which she laid on the deck, and the ship's concertina. Keeping time by slapping her bare footsole against the planking, she began to play a sensuous, lilting melody from the harems of the mystic East, where the dusky maidens fondle themselves all day and the eunuchs hate the sight of hard-boiled eggs.

Beige Beaver turned to Puce Pussy, and they bowed as courteous-like as a couple at a hunt ball. Then they began to dance.

It was a slow, undulating bolero, all swaying hips and serpentine hand movements. Around and around they circled, not touching but very close, breathing into each other's faces as their slender feet slid over the gleaming deck. Their bellies flexed sinuously in and out, making their navels pout and close in time to the rhythm.

Beaver put out a hand and stroked Pussy's cheek. She blushed and returned the compliment. Now they moved into a fierce bear-hug, big soft breasts crushing together and heaving as their breaths came quicker. Their mouths met and I saw their long, pink tongues entwine wetly.

Slowly, hypnotically, their fingers meandered down the curve of each other's backs until they reached the waistbands of their silken britches. Then, in perfect unison, they bent at the knees and sank to the deck, pulling the shining cloth over their hips, the firm white mounds of their arses and down as far as their slender thighs.

Beige Beaver and Puce Pussy. Now I knew where they'd got their names.

The blonde lass rolled over and picked up the bottle of bath-oil. Uncorking it, she held it upside-down over her head. The heavy liquid slithered down her hair and cheeks, running viscously over her shoulders and dribbling between her breasts.

Pussy reached forward and began to knead the oil into her friend. Starting at her face, she worked painstakingly down every inch of her upper body, till she gleamed like a newly varnished figurehead. Taking the bottle, Pussy poured the last of the oil into the well of Beaver's belly-button, and then anointed her hips and thighs. She yanked the crumpled cloth of Beaver's britches away and threw them across the deck. Then she did the same with her own. And now, her hands still dripping with the scented oil, she eased apart the fair wench's thighs and finger-painted the pink, creamy lips between them.

Beaver's eyes rolled upward in her head. A tremendous shudder shook her all over, like a man-o'war going aground on a reef. Convulsively she reached out and grabbed Pussy, pulling her on top and rolling over on

"What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Jane needs a hot cock to impale 'er . . .
Hard as a harpoon on a whaler
Ear-lye in the morning."

continued on page 62

LINZI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

Lovely Linzi (32-22-34) – you can't beat the classic opening sentence, can you? – caused Dr. Bruce Bullworker's hernia, indirectly. Handsome, debonair, Bruce Bullworker (Legal Department) fancied her rotten (which is the way he does everything) and wouldn't take 'no' for an answer – although this was the only answer he was going to get, Linzi not messing with married men. Finally, it got too much, and – while evading his steamy clutches in the lift – she slipped an empty packet of condoms in his top pocket to be found by Mrs. Bullworker. Which it was. Instead of chasing him around the house with a bucket of water – this being her usual remedy – Mrs. B bided her time. She seduced Bruce. Took him to bed and gave herself to him – after first sprinkling masses of sneezing powder in her pubes. Well, the poor bugger 'atishooed' himself to a double hernia.

wives

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COME! & GIVE ME PLEASURE 0898 224 252
WIFE TEACHES YOUNG STUD NEW TRICKS! 0898 224 253
PVC APRON, NO PANTIES! 0898 224 254
WIFE TO WIFE SWAPPING! 0898 224 256
HOUSEWIVES ORGY 0898 224 257
MARRIED SEX MANIAC 0898 224 258

Waiting for you to satisfy my lust! 0898 224 255

BOTTOMS!

rear view raver! 0898 224 260
PERT PERFECT REAR 0898 224 261
back door desire 0898 224 262
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS 0898 224 263
over your knee! 0898 224 264

I'M SALLY, SPANK ME! 0898 224 265
white panties, red cheeks! 0898 224 266
TIGHT PULLED PANTIES 0898 224 267
g-string, full cheeks! 0898 224 268
BOTTOMS UP! 0898 224 269

bad lads...

PINSTRIPE SUIT, LACE PANTIES! 0898 224 270
SHARE MY SEXY CLOTHES! 0898 224 271 NOW!
MALE BRIDE ON 0898 224 272
*WEAR THESE DAMP PANTIES 0898 224 273
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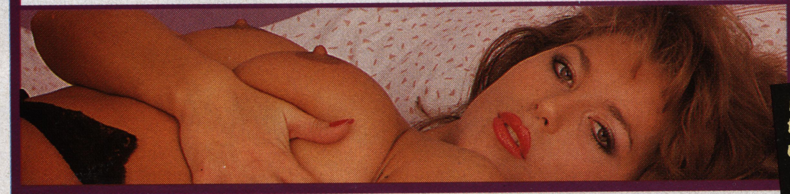
I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH! 0898 224 281

ONE NIGHT STAND, I TELL MY SECRETS! 0898 224 283
I DELIVER WHAT OTHERS DON'T! 0898 224 288
TALK NAUGHTY WITH ME NOW! 0898 224 289



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THERE'S ONLY A PHONE BETWEEN US! 0898 224 292
BAD GIRLS COME GOOD 0898 224 293
I'LL DO WHAT THE WIFE WON'T DO! 0898 224 295
MY HUSBAND'S AWAY, COME PLAY! 0898 224 297
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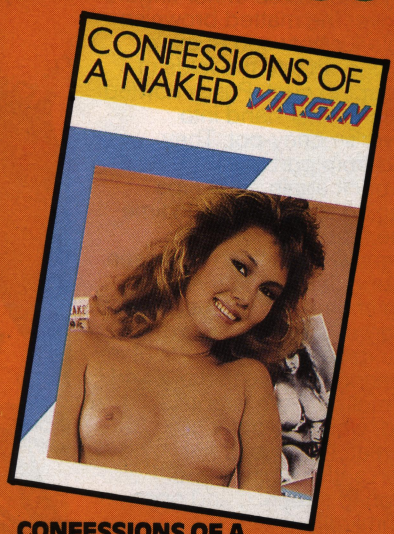

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continued from page 54

the deck, so the oil ran from body to body and covered them both. Three of her fingers slid over the matted brownish-purple fur between Pussy's legs and up into the folds of her gaping cunt. Pussy howled and thrust her hand into Beaver's honey-pot. They rolled from port to starboard and back again, their hips plunging and bucking in time to the tune.

Meanwhile, a flush had risen on Long Jane's face. All at once she ripped the buttons of her great-coat open. Two huge, pneumatic mounds of quivering flesh spilled out and she moiled them with one hand, while the other slid between the legs of her green satin britches and began to squeeze and open rhythmically.

Even Colonel North was watching the gay girls' games, standing on one leg with his little feathered dick clasped between the talons of the other.

Suddenly the music stopped with a horrible discord and a yelp of pain. Black Dog – silly cow – had got so absorbed that she'd caught her tit in the concertina.

As for me – well, even the strongest Jamaica rum isn't proof against that kind of stimulation. Though my dangler was still limp, I could feel a crawling sensation in the folds of my scrotum, a definite feeling that strings were tightening and balls were rolling preparatory to a mighty nautical hard-on.

Between Long Jane's legs, a dark salty stain widened over the green satin britches. Breathing raggedly, she started to sing:

"What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
Jane needs a hot cock to impale 'er,
Hard as a harpoon on a whaler
Ear-lye in the morning."

And now, at last, the creaking machinery of my manhood was back in working order. Blood surged up the capillaries, swelling it like an overstuffed salami and bringing it up like a gangplank till it pointed at the sky, with a drop of pre-jism on its tip and the map of Treasure Island exposed for all to see. And I sang:

"Hooray, an' up it rises.
It's so big that it's won prizes.
Now open up your thighses
Ear-lye in the morning."

Long Jane's eyes had gone all dreamy-like. One trembling finger reached down and touched the place, just below the ridge of me foreskin, where old Billy Boner had tattooed a cross. "I see X marks the spot," she breathed.

"Hooray, an' up it rises. It's so big that it's won prizes. Now open up your thighses Ear-lye in the morning."

"Ship ahoy!" I roared, ripping her britches away.

She was a big girl, an' she liked it rough and boisterous. We fell to the deck together like a mast in a hurricane and wrestled on the planks. Her arms around my chest nearly crushed the life out of me. I took one brown nipple between my teeth and bit down hard, till it swelled to the size of a winkle shell.

Meanwhile, her fingernails were raising welts all down my back. Her vast thighs wrapped round my hips and squeezed like nutcrackers. I plunged forward, and next moment the map of Treasure Island was hidden where no one could ever possibly see.

No saucy sea-cook ever stirred his shipmates' stew as hard as my surging prick stirred the scalding cauldron inside Long Jane Sizzler. Back and forward I plunged, all the way out and all the way in, while the sea swelled around the ship and the deck heaved up and down in time to our fucking.

All of a sudden I felt my hands being grabbed. It was Beige Beaver and Puce Pussy, the little minxes, tired of each other and desperate for a slice of me. Their cunnies opened like soft wet oysters, each with a hard pearly clit inside, and eight of my fingers disappeared up their red-hot shafts – four apiece.

Next thing I knew, Black Dog had pulled down her britches and squatted over Long Jane's face, lowering her arsecheeks so the captain's tongue could get to work on her swollen labia. Long Jane buried her face in the forest and gurgled happily.

The sun passed over the yardarm and slowly sank to starboard . . .

. . . until at last, the ladies cried: "Enough! Enough! We're satisfied!"

Long Jane pushed me out and lay back on the deck, panting. Black Dog climbed off her and staggered to the side, as if she'd lost her sea legs. Pussy and Beaver rolled away, leaving my fingers pink and wrinkled from their boiling juices. And still my mighty mainmast stood hard and strong, ready to take on another fleet if need be.

It was Black Dog – the bitch – who almost spoiled everything.

"Long Jane, what are we going to do about Billy Boner's map? We can't let it stand around like that – somebody might see it and beat us to the treasure."

Captain Sizzler looked grave. "I'm a-sorry about this, Jim lad. I reckon I'll have to be fetchin' me trusty cutlass."

"That won't be necessary," a sweet voice said.

'Twas Puce Pussy. There was a big, mischievous grin on her face as she knelt down next to me, licking her lips and eyeing my damp, throbbing tool. She lowered her head over my thighs, and her long tongue ran nimbly up the pole from root to exposed glans. A drop of moisture formed in the cleft, and she lapped it up with a giggle. Then she opened her mouth wide and took in the whole thing as far as her tonsils.

And the pirate ladies sang:

"Blow the man down, Pussy, blow the man down.
Way-hay, she's going down.
Hers is the horniest tongue in the town –
Give him a suck, an' blow the man down."

LOUISE

PHOTOS BY JOANIE ALLUM

You've got to admit, photographers are dead subtle. I mean, here's this fun Irish girl, all freckles, with the devil in her eye and all the fresh sex appeal you could ask for. Not a bit sultry or sulky or any of that. Distinctly the outdoor man's type. And what do they do? Stick a bloody banana in her mouth! I mean, what magazine do they think this is? That kind of thing's OK for *Playdough*, but not for us. *We* have a reputation to keep up. We remonstrated What did we get? "She came to the session starving and simply couldn't pose without having something to eat." That's what we got . . . Photographers!

YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

THREESOME THRILLS

The last time my husband went to the States on business, I had an affair. I went out for a drink with a girlfriend one night, and while she was in the loo a chap came up to me and said he liked the way I looked. I was so surprised and flattered, I scribbled my number on the back of his Marlboro packet. And when I got home, at way past midnight – surprise, surprise – the phone was ringing . . .

It promised to be a classic one-night-stand. Because I knew Ken and we would surely never see each other again, I really dolled myself up. While I waited for him to arrive for our late-night rendezvous, I changed into black silk stockings and my shiniest, highest-heeled black patents. I pinched my nipples to make them hard and shoehorned my boobs into the (indecently!) brief black bra I wore on the first night of my honeymoon. I even smoothed a dab of KY Jelly on to my pussy so that, when he felt inside my panties, he'd think I was just *incredibly* hot for his prick. But when the doorbell rang, I was in for a shock.

"What's going on?" I said when I opened the door and saw Ken standing there. "I never said you could bring a friend."

Fearful of arousing my neighbours' attention, I let Ken and his leering sidekick into my flat.

"Give us a kiss, sweetheart," said Ken, appreciably more drunk than when we'd fixed our date. A trifle apprehensively, I embraced him and put his lips to mine. He pushed his tongue into my mouth and lowered his hands from my waist to my bottom.

"No, please!" I gasped, as he pulled my skirt up around my rear.

"Go on, you're loving it," he grinned, grabbing a fistful of knicker and pulling it up between my bottom cheeks.

"But your friend," I panted. "What about him?"

"Don't you worry about me, darling," Ken's friend whispered from behind. "I'll be no trouble at all, honest I won't . . ."

I heard the brief jangle of a belt buckle. Then a second pair of hands seized my bare hips and a hard, hot cock was jabbed against my bottom.

"Ever wondered how it feels, being the meat in a sex sandwich?" grinned Ken as he unbuttoned my blouse. "Christ, what fucking gorgeous tits – nipples the size of thimbles!"

"Fucking gorgeous arse, and all," came the voice from behind. "Just the kind I like to feast my eyes on while I'm fucking in the doggie position . . ."

"Boys," I said, as they crudely manhandled me, front and back, "I think I need a drink."

In the lounge, we worked our way through a bottle of Chivas Regal in virtual silence, the boys stroking their cocks as they ogled the moist, taut bulge of my panties. How marvellously sluttish I felt, sitting there in an armchair with my long, black-stockinged legs spread wide and draped over the padded leather arms.

"Look at her, she's fucking begging for it," drooled Ken, massaging spit into his knob.

"Maybe I am," I purred, opening

Ken's middle finger alighted on my clitoris – which by now was hot and throbbing and desperate for attention.

my panties and spreading the lips of my sex. "Listen, why don't you boys strip off completely and come sit either side of me?"

By now the fiery booze had washed away the last vestiges of my nervous apprehension. I needed seeing to, pure and simple.

"Help me with this bra, somebody . . ."

Things quickly became very earthy and basic. Grabbing a tit each, Ken and Steven perched on the chair arms beside me and thrust their enormous cocks into my mouth. I worked up as much dribble as I could to moisten their knobs, and while I sucked and slurped and effected a synchronised wank, Ken's middle finger ploughed a furrow through my thick black pubes and alighted on my clitoris – which by now was hot and throbbing and desperate for attention.

"Kinky bitch!" Ken gloated, sniffing his fingertips. "She's got KY on her cunt. And just when I wanted to go down on her!"

"It'd take more than that to put me off," grunted his lecherous pal. So saying, he withdrew his knob from my mouth and positioned himself on the carpet between my outstretched legs. I reached for my glass and emptied a trickle of the precious whisky over my pouting sex.

"Fancy another drink?" I said.

The sensation of Steven's hot tongue wiggling in and out of my pussy was so superbly sensual, I sucked Ken off until my mouth was so full, his cum dribbled from the corners of my mouth.

"Fuck it!" he exclaimed, cursing himself for his eagerness. I smeared his spunk into my lipstick and spread the crimson goo all over my cheeks.

"Don't worry yourself, pet," I panted, Steven still lapping like crazy between my thighs, "we've got all night."

They took me to bed and used me like a £50 call girl, Ken taking great pleasure in doing me in the doggie position while watching me gobble his friend. How did I know he was watching me suck? Because his lustful gaze was reflected in the wall mirror . . .

But my personal preference was squatting on Steven's wonderfully long, thick prick and having his partner stand behind me with his powerful arms linked around my waist, bouncing me up and down on it until I climaxed.

I rushed home from work the following night, keen to be with my husband again. For some strange reason he seemed to be incredibly uptight.

"Your friend Laura just phoned," he scowled. "She saw you giving your phone number to some bloke at Vino's. And I found these knickers under a chair in the front room. Do you make a habit of putting KY Jelly on your fanny when go out drinking?"

I was horrified, lost for words. That fucking cow . . .

"Show me!" stormed Matthew. "Go on, you little slut – into the bedroom with you and get your skirt off and your knickers down!"

"Please, Matthew," I whimpered, dropping my skirt and stumbling backwards on to the bed, "I couldn't help myself. You know how randy I get. Oh, Matthew . . ."

My husband scrambled out of his clothes, pulled my panties aside and started to wank. His cock was frighteningly erect.

"You're my wife, not a fucking shagbag!" he panted, probing my cunny with his calloused fingers. "Well – what have you got to say for yourself?"

I rolled over on to my hands and knees and spread the cheeks of my bottom. Whatever he had in mind for me, there was no denying I thoroughly deserved it.

"Go on, tell me about it!" he panted, as he started shagging me. "Every sordid detail. Go on, slut – every minute, pornographic detail!"

It was almost an hour of frantic, frenzied fucking before my sweat-soaked husband collapsed on top of me.

"Of course, what you *really* deserve is a sound spanking," he said, goosing my bottom as I snuggled up to him.

"Doesn't every naughty girl?" I purred.

Hannah, Stafford.

NO HANG-UPS

My name's Pauline, I'm 22 years of age and bisexual. I lived with my boyfriend until the end of last year, but when I met Vicki – an irresistibly cute, doll-like blonde – I fell head over heels in love with her. Unsurprisingly, my boyfriend was enraged at being upstaged by a female and gave me just one week to find some place else to live. Vicki's studio flat was way too small, so we had no choice but to rake up the deposit for a bigger flat – and an utterly bare, desolate place it turned out to be. But for all the discomfort, we were together at long last – and deliriously happy.

One Saturday afternoon, decorating our bedroom-to-be, Vicki took a break from sanding the floor to open a bottle of wine.

"Cor, I don't half fancy a wank," she giggled, looking up my skirt as I stood on the step-ladder, wallpapering.

"Be my guest," I sighed, trying to ignore her. But it was almost impossible to concentrate, what with her taunting me with her open legs and skimpy black panties. And only Vicki would dream of wearing black stockings and high heels for decorating . . .

"Ooh, look," she giggled, dipping her hand in a bucket of Polycell solution, "this wallpaper paste feels just like spunk."

"It's no good trying to tempt me, Vicki," I said, "I've got to finish this job."

"Not even if I give you a lovely rude view of my bum and cunt?" she persisted, lowering her scanties and contorting herself obscenely.

I pretended to ignore her.

Vicki left the room in a huff – or so I assumed. But a few seconds later she returned, holding something behind her back. Again, she sat with her legs akimbo at the base of the step-ladder. Still I ignored her.

"Oh fuck!" she squealed. "I've gone and accidentally spilled this bucket of wallpaper paste all over my arse and fanny. And look, Pauline – the biggest banana I could find!"

Looking for all the world

like she'd been spermed over by a thousand men, Vicki gleefully pushed the banana up her pussy, mischievously stirring it around inside her as I gawked in disbelief.

"Told you I was horny," she drooled. "Come on down, Pauline, come on down . . ."

Only an inch or so of banana protruded from my lover's honeypot. Instead of fucking her with it – which I presume was what she had in mind – I split the tip and pulled the two strips of skin back over the fruit. Then, pushing one strip of skin between her buttocks and the

other over her pubic mound, the pulpy fruit slowly (and incredibly sensuously) emerged from her pussy.

As the last few inches of banana slithered from Vicki's cunt, I replaced it with three of my fingers, at which Vicki sighed, lay back on the sawdusty floor and drew her knees up into her bosom.

"Make me come with your fingers," she panted, slopping wallpaper paste over my pumping hand. "Then take your knickers off and turn round on me."

The sawdust seemed to stick to Vicki's slippery arse like fluff to a toffee, but thrashing around with our faces glued to each other's cunts, we were far too turned on to see the funny side of things. She came by squatting astride my mouth and frigging herself, using yet more wallpaper paste as a lubricant.

Somehow I figure Vicki and I are going to get on fine – though when we'll get that bedroom papered is anyone's guess!

Pauline, Camberwell.

It was impossible to concentrate, what with her taunting me with her open legs and skimpy black panties. Only Vicki would dream of wearing black stockings and high heels for decorating . . .

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THE SEXHIBITIONIST

I knew life was going to get interesting when I moved in with David, and – sure enough – the sex was just out of this world. He'd keep me up until two or three in the morning with his fantastic lovemaking, with the result that I'd arrive at the office in the morning feeling tired out and with horrid bags under my eyes. The girls were really jealous!

David was a real boozer and every weekend was party time. His parties were always very popular with his colleagues and drinking partners, and not just because the flat was continually awash with booze. No, I was something of a lush myself in those days, and the festivities invariably culminated in me stripping down to my undies and high heels, and then prickteasing the boys until they were in such a state they'd have to go to the bathroom and wank away their frustration!

As our live-in relationship continued, so our weekend parties became more outrageous. Gradually, booze became simply a means to an end – and once my inhibitions disappeared, so did my panties! Married couples took the place of David's boozy pals, and we'd engage in frantic sex on the floor while they stood around staring and touching one another up.

I won't deny there was a kinky element to our sex displays. I got a real buzz from acting the slut in front of an audience, and one night – kneeling on the kitchen floor in just my white stockings and suspender belt, sucking David's cock while he stood there playing with my tits – I heard some sneering female mutter: "God, what a whore!"

Don't ask me why, but it really turned me on, being verbally abused with David's great big dick in my mouth. And all I had to do, in order to experience a fantastic orgasm, was briefly rub my thighs together. With my make-up all buggered up and cum trickling down my cheeks, I turned to face the sarcastic cow in question – who by now was so 'shocked and disgusted', she was standing there with her skirt up, holding her knickers open and frigging herself silly!

Fucking and sucking in front of an audience was hugely erotic for us both, but when David confessed he'd like to see me 'perform' with another guy, I wasn't too keen.

"Please," I remember him saying, "it would really turn me on."

I kissed him and said: "Well, you'd better get me good and stoned, then."

Some sixth sense told me David already had a 'stud' in mind, and I won't deny I experienced a pleasant twitch in my knickers when he blushed (cute!) and confessed he'd often fantasised about me screwing Kenny, the body shop manager at his garage – and one of the hunkiest black guys I had ever set eyes on.

"It'll look amazing," he drooled as I cuddled up next to him in bed, sucking him off. "A great big black one sliding in and out of your little blonde pussy . . ."

It was obvious David wanted to go the whole pornographic route with me, but I had to wait till the night of the party to discover just how far he wanted me to go. A ferocious-looking female in a tight black miniskirt and beat-up biker jacket arrived at around midnight, unaccompanied. One of David's chums made a vaguely sarcastic comment, and to his (and most everyone else's) horror she grabbed him by his tie and hissed: "One more remark like that and I'll put you through the effing window!" And as if that wasn't bad enough, she turned to me and winked! But more of Kathy in a moment . . .

David decided the logical venue for Kenny and my sex display was the bedroom. I wore virgin-white scanties to compliment my pale skin and blonde hair, while Kenny stripped to reveal a black nylon posing pouch which looked for all the world as though he'd stuffed a length of salami down it!

At least 20 people stood around the bed as Kenny and I started necking. His body was lean and lovely and his buttocks were so

Once my inhibitions disappeared, so did my panties . . . And all I had to do, in order to experience a fantastic orgasm, was briefly rub my thighs together.

tight and muscular, I couldn't resist digging my nails into them as he slipped out of his pouch and wriggled between my thighs.

But first I sucked him, peeling back his foreskin and salivating over his knob until he was panting with pleasure. He was all of 10ins long – and nearly as thick as my wrist.

Kenny lay back on the bed and I lowered myself on to his cock, my back to him and my legs spread so that the stiff-pricked onlookers could marvel over the spectacle of his glistening, ebony-coloured shaft protruding from my cunt.

Which was when Kathy emerged on the scene, stripped to her stockings and (rubber) suspender belt. Oh my God . . .

"Stay like that, I want to lick that gorgeous pussy," she announced, and – not the slightest bit put off by Kenny's huge prick inside me – proceeded to suck my nipples and rub my clit.

The more this kinky couple played with me, the more mare-like my sexual appetite became. I got down on my hands and knees to let Kenny take me doggie-style, and Kathy wriggled under my belly in order to tongue my button. I responded by burying my face between her thighs and licking her out, which – with Kenny's massive erection being humped into me from the rear – was more than enough to have me coming time and time again.

"Well, how did I look?" I asked David, when we were finally alone together. "Do you reckon I'd make a living from blue movies?"

David said nothing, pulling my panties down and fucking me long and slow and telling me never to leave him. Kind of a shame, then, he left me for another woman – but men never know when they're on to a good thing, do they?

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MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *'My Confession'* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real . . .

As my dizzying climax subsided, I relaxed and stretched out my body against the black satin sheets. This felt wonderful – to be alone and not have to worry about that damn husband of mine was exactly what the doctor ordered.

I'd needed a break for ages and when Jim had told me that his workload was such that he couldn't come with me to Paris, I wasn't as devastated as perhaps a proper wife should be. I felt I needed some time to myself, to recapture my spirit which had got a little jaded after four years of marriage.

I was still young, still with my looks, and now I was by myself in the most romantic city in the world. I had two weeks to do just about anything I wanted. My hotel room was marvellous, with a great view of the city and a luxurious bathroom, which was where I was planning to spend the next hour or so. Just waking in that sumptuous bed had made me feel so horny I had to frig myself – and I wanted to wash the grime of the journey off my body before I ventured out.

As the water poured into the huge tub, I stood naked in front of the full-length mirror and studied myself. I had all I needed to excite any man: a pretty face, blonde hair, sweet succulent tits and a pussy that could take any guy to heaven and back. I was one hot woman all right.

Was I thinking about a fling? Perhaps somewhere, deep inside, I was. As far as passion and excitement in my life went, I was missing it. I mean, Jim was a good husband, but his work and career of late hadn't left him much time to look after my needs. When we made love, it lacked the thrills that had characterised our earlier relationship. I had to be honest, we had become stale. I needed to explore other possibilities while I still had a chance.

The hot soapy water was tenderly caressing my skin as I lay back in the bathtub, my eyes closed, all kinds of dreamy thoughts running through my mind. I was thinking of my best friend back home, Karen – married, like me, yet playing it fast and loose whenever she was able. I wasn't prepared to tread such a dangerous line. But a brief encounter – sex for the sake of sex and nothing more – that was not an impossibility. And here, in Paris, I had the opportunity.

Without my realising it, I'd made up my mind – I was going to find a man and get laid.

Great plans are better plotted on a full stomach. So I tiptoed out of the bathroom and phoned room service. Even though it was early evening, I ordered the full continental breakfast. The switchboard seemed puzzled, but I was told it'd be in my room in about 10 minutes. I contemplated throwing on some clothes, but the lure of my warm bath was impossible to ignore and once again I immersed myself in the water and relaxed while I waited.

The next 10 minutes were lost in a dreamy haze as I revelled in the bath. Only the knock on the door brought me back to reality – that, and the rattling sound of the room service trolley being wheeled in.

Peering around the bathroom door, I found myself looking at a young guy standing in the middle of my room. "Room service!" he called, looking around for any sign of life. "The breakfast you ordered *est ici*."

He was really quite lovely. He couldn't have been more than 20 or 21, but he had these handsome dark looks under a shock of jet black hair that made him really rather dazzling. His hotel uniform, which usually make people look plain silly, actually flattered him and, as I studied him through the crack in the door, the thought came to me: why not him?

"Je suis ici," I called out in my stilted French. He turned in my direction and his eyes widened as he saw my blonde head peering around the door at him.

He must have known I was English. "I have the food you ordered, miss," he said, pushing the trolley forward a few feet.

I could see him trying to see more of me and I wondered if he knew I was naked behind the door.

"You are wanting for me to leave it here?" he asked.

"Non," I replied. "I wish to eat in here."

"The bathroom?" He was getting confused. "You want to eat while you bathe?"

This exchange was becoming ludicrous. "Yes, that's right," I told him firmly. "Please bring it in here."

He shook his head. "If that is what you wish. But I think it is true that madamoiselle is naked, *n'est ce pas?"*

"Does that bother you?" I asked him. "You can leave it there if it embarrasses you."

He shook his head quickly. "I am not embarrassed," he stated. "If you are not, I am not."

"Fine," I said, leaving him and slipping swiftly back into the bath. If I was at all nervous, there was no time for it to register, for barely was I under the suds and bubbles than the door swung open and in came the cart pushed by this Frenchman.

I sensed that he was trying to control his true emotions by the overly matter-of-fact way he behaved. "Coffee, croissants and butter," he announced, as he began to move the dishes on to the edge of the bath, desperately trying to make it look as if he wasn't looking at my wet body. But he was; I could see it all too clearly. And, much to my delight, I knew that the sight was inspiring him. His tight trousers weren't designed to conceal the hard bulge of an erection as big as the one he had now.

"What's your name?" I asked him sweetly, lathering up the soap in my palms and rubbing the creamy suds into my breasts.

"Christophe," he informed me, his voice wavering slightly. "My friends call me Chris."

"Do you often have things like this happening in your job?" I inquired. "Naked women wanting you to serve them?"

"It is happening once before," Chris answered. "A woman, I take champagne to her room and she is wearing only black stockings. She is wanting to have sex with me."

"Did you?" I asked, noticing the thick ridge squirming under his trousers as he nodded.

"She was very sexy," he said with a shrug. "I lose my job if I am found out, but the things she does . . . I cannot resist."

I was getting more aroused with every minute. My nipples were already stiff and as I brushed my fingers over them I felt a tremor through my body.

"What did she do?" I persisted in my questions. "What kind of things?"

"I . . . I cannot say," Chris mumbled. "They are too intimate – you might be shocked."

I pulled myself up and leaned over the edge of the bathtub. His cock was positively vibrating under his trousers and I couldn't help but extend a hand towards it. As I touched the hard bulge at his crotch, I heard him gasp. Looking up into his face, I said: "Tell me everything she did!"

Chris coughed nervously. "She unzipped my trousers and took out my . . . my . . ." He struggled to find the word.

"Your cock?" I said, my hands on his zipper, drawing it down.

"Oui, my cock," he said, breathing heavily, as I parted the material and reached inside.

"Like this?" I asked, as my fingers delved into his shorts and curled around a thick, hard shaft, tugging it free of its confinement – a simply gorgeous specimen, so beautifully smooth. I ran my fingers up and down its length, looking up at him, waiting for the next part of the tale.

"Then . . . then she took it into her mouth," he stammered. "She sucked it deep between her lips for so long I thought I would cum in her throat, it felt so good."

"Did it?" I murmured dreamily as I bent forward and licked that smooth head.

"Oh yes!" he sighed, as I parted my lips and let his first few hard inches slide into my mouth, his heat moiling against my wet tongue as I slid my head slowly up and down over his stiff prick.

"I try to stop myself cumming. I have to do it, because now she is wanting me to enter her."

"I can understand her!" I

sighed, as his saliva-coated cock eased from my mouth. "Any woman would enjoy *this* between their legs." I rubbed him softly against my cheek. "So," I asked, "how did she want to be fucked?"

"On top," he moaned, while I slid his trousers down to his ankles. Chris stepped out of them. "She wanted to be on top of me," he continued. "She is telling me it is better that way."

I stood up, the water running off my skin in moist rivulets, and frantically tore off his jacket and shirt, and pulled his strong nude body back into the bath with me.

"She was right," I breathed. "On top is nice . . . I like it like that as well. But I like it in other ways, not just that."

"Yes?" Chris's face was a model of nervousness coupled with desire, and who could blame him? Fifteen minutes ago, he'd been going about his job as normal; now he was being seduced in a bathtub by me.

For my part, I was enjoying it immensely. This was what I'd been missing so much with Jim: the rush of lust; the danger; the impulsive crazy urge associated with sex at its best. As I rubbed the head of that strong dick against my aching clit, I felt no guilt, as I'd once feared I would. Only a contented knowledge that I was going to enjoy this sex as deeply as I could.

So wet was I between my legs, I had no trouble in easing Chris into my pussy. How different his prick felt compared to Jim's! Not having known any different for so long made it so exciting. As any woman knows, no two cocks are the same and Chris was no exception, sliding into my depths easily, so unlike Jim's rather fat erection that required a lot of foreplay before I was ready for him. But Chris went in easily and stayed in me, sheathed to the hilt as I clutched my pussy muscles around him, starting to move as the warm water lapped around our bodies and Chris threw his head back with the exhilaration of it all, arching his backside up to meet me as I rocked back and forth on his hardness. His hands reached up to my tits, his fingers moulding the flesh, caressing my nipples as I moved faster, the water splashing like a raging ocean now, spilling from the bathtub on to the floor. I was very close.

His cock slithered from me and, on a sudden impulse, I pulled myself up and leaned over the edge of the bath, presenting my taut buttocks to him, signalling so clearly what I needed. Chris knew right away what to do, kneeling behind me and thrusting into my wet cunt as he pulled me tight against him, his powerful hips beating out a frantic rhythm on my arse

as he speared his rigid tool deep inside me.

My grip on the rim of the bath was knuckle-white as my orgasm began – a chain reaction from the very nub of my sex, then spreading like wildfire to engulf my entire body.

"Don't stop!" I cried, urging my lover on. "I'm there. Oh yes, yes!"

My mouth stretched wide in a single wail as I came really, really hard. And not just once, but again and again like a string of firecrackers igniting one after another. It was almost too much and I fell forward as Chris's cock jerked back out of my pussy.

"Did you cum?" I asked breathlessly, my fingers wrapped around his still-hard prick.

He shook his head. "Just keep doing that," he breathed. "I am very close!"

I pulled and jerked him hard until he cried out in delight as hot jism leaped from the tip in a great gush, landing on my heaving breasts, trickling down my nipples and sliding over my stomach as he gave up all he had before he collapsed, exhausted just like me, into the water.

Shameful? I suppose so, but it was what I needed. If you don't satisfy your desires it can only be a matter of time before you get bitter and twisted. I still love Jim and I can't imagine leaving him. It's his work that leaves me unsatisfied, not him. Perhaps soon he'll understand, but until then I'll take my pleasure when and where I can find it. It might be meaningless sex, but sometimes any sex is better than no sex at all. At least, that's my excuse and I'm standing by it. MO

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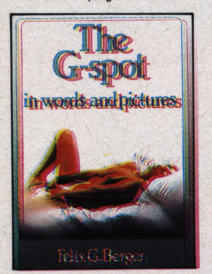

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RANDY UNFAITHFUL HOUSEWIVES
0898 900 517
ADULT UNCENSORED XXX TALK
0898 900 525
STOCKINGS & STRAPS
0898 900 529
SADIES STRICT LESSONS
0898 900 523
FRUSTRATED? READY FOR ME?!
THEN DIAL 0898 900 516
MOUTH ACTION...
0898 900 527

DIAMOND NETWORK INC., P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11.
CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. H/2/1/C.

JUST FOR YOU

Hand Job 0898 362 673
What My Fingers Are Doing 0898 362 672
Feeling Very Horny 0898 362 678
My Lesbian Experience 0898 362 676
Very Experienced At 50 0898 362 674

MOUTH ACTION

My Mouth Is Ready 0898 442 217
Oral Pleasure 0898 442 218
In My Mouth 0898 442 219
All The Way 0898 442 220
My Tongue Around It 0898 442 221
I'll Swallow It 0898 442 223

GIRLS TOGETHER

Lesbian Oral Action 0898 442 224
Games and Special Toys 0898 442 225
Shower Lust 0898 442 226
Sixty Nine Girls 0898 442 227
Lesbian Fantasies 0898 442 228
Down On Each Other 0898 442 229

TAKE THAT!

Spanked Till Satisfied 0898 442 230
On My Lap 0898 442 231
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty 0898 442 232
My Hand, Your Cheeks 0898 442 233
Bend Over, Take That 0898 442 234
Smack My Bottom 0898 442 235

T.V. FUN

Dressed To Please 0898 442 236
Swapping With The Wife 0898 442 237
T.V. In Soho 0898 442 238
In Front Of The Mirror 0898 442 239

DRESSED TO PLEASE

My Black Stockings 0898 442 240
Striptease For You 0898 442 241
Mini Skirt & Stockings 0898 442 243
Silk Stockings & Suspenders 0898 442 245
Wet T Shirt 0898 442 246
Bra Busting 42D 0898 442 247

SPECIALS

You've Been Naughty 0898 442 248
Stocks & Bonds 0898 442 249
My Neighbour Joined In 0898 442 456
Nympho Housewife 0898 442 257
Play With Me 0898 442 258
Treated Like A Slave 0898 442 259
My Hand Will Satisfy 0898 442 260
Video Vixens 0898 442 261
Dirty Talk 0898 442 262
Rubber Clad Girl 0898 442 263
I Watched My Neighbour 0898 442 264
Licking Girls 0898 442 265

CONTINENTAL

Swedish Nymphos Into 'O' 0898 442 266
Dutch Dykes Together 0898 442 267
Hot Danish Girls 0898 442 268
Try The Filipino Way 0898 442 269

PERSONAL PLEASURE

Let Me Slide It In 0898 442 270
Tart Talks Dirty 0898 442 271
Playing With My Vibrator 0898 442 272
Unzip Your Jeans 0898 442 273
Lesbian First Time 0898 442 274
Climax With Me 0898 442 275
Take Me, I'm Ready 0898 442 276
Oral Satisfaction 0898 442 277
French Oral 0898 442 278
Busty Blonde Excites 0898 442 279

HANKY SPANKY

Across The Desk 0898 442 235
In The Study 0898 442 234
Whacko 0898 442 233
Naughty Girl Comes Clean 0898 442 232
Over My Knee 0898 442 231
Whipped Cream 0898 442 230

GAY MEN ONLY

Cycle Club Lovers 0898 362 676
Male Confessions 0898 362 675
After The Game 0898 362 682

ORAL DELIGHT

I'll Suck It Now 0898 442 223
Throb In My Throat 0898 442 221
Wicked Tongue 0898 442 220
My Mouth Is Open 0898 442 219
Deep Throat 0898 442 218
Tongue Tied 0898 442 217

HOT ACTION

Wild Lesbians At It 0898 442 280
A Good Hard Spank 0898 442 281
Hand Relief 0898 442 282
In My Knickers 0898 442 283
Randy Housewife 0898 442 284
Just Seventeen 0898 442 285
Restrained Pleasure 0898 442 588
Boobs For You 0898 442 589
Mistress Will Do Anything 0898 442 590
Hot Lips To Please 0898 442 591
Wet & Ready 0898 700 592
Gay College Girls 0898 300 593
Ultimate Pleasure 0898 300 594
Six Of The Best 0898 300 595
I'll Play With You 0898 300 596

ALL THE WAY

My Knickers Are Down 0898 442 597
Let Me Make It Grow 0898 442 598
Wet Dreams 0898 442 162
Girls Strap it On 0898 442 164
Dirty Talker 0898 442 194
Shaved & Ready 0898 362 679
It Watched My Neighbour 0898 362 680
Come With Me 0898 362 681

GAY FUN

Brian In The Showers 0898 362 682
Mens Talk 0898 362 675
Cycle Club Lust 0898 362 676

FANTASY DIALING

Aged 50 & Experienced 0898 362 674
First Time Lesbian 0898 362 676
Randy and Ready 0898 362 678
My Fingers Are Playing 0898 362 672
Slow Start/Fast Finish 0898 362 673

INFERNO LINES

My Hand Will Excite 0898 300 596
Whacking Good Time 0898 300 595
Any And Every Way 0898 300 594
College Lesbians 0898 300 593
Wet & Willing 0898 700 592
Oral Action 0898 442 591
I'll Do Anything 0898 442 590
Explore My Boobs 0898 442 589
Bound To Please 0898 442 588
Just Seventeen 0898 442 285
Frustrated Wife 0898 442 284
Knicker Delight 0898 442 283
Taken In Hand 0898 442 282
Spanked Till Satisfied 0898 442 281
Lesbians Go All The Way 0898 442 280

SHE MAN DELIGHT

Posing On The Corner 0898 442 239
T.V. On The Town 0898 442 238
In My Wife's Undies 0898 442 237
Dressed To Thrill 0898 442 236

BIZARRE

Girls Using Their Tongues 0898 442 265
Next Door Nympho 0898 442 264
Girls Into Rubber 0898 442 263
Talking Like A Tart 0898 442 262
Hot Video Girls 0898 442 261
Hand Job 0898 442 260
Strict Mistress Dominates 0898 442 259
Climax With Me 0898 442 258
Husband Away Let's Play 0898 442 257
Lesbian Next Door 0898 442 256
Tied Up On The Line 0898 442 249
1-2-3-, Over My Knee 0898 442 248

EUROPE'S HOTTEST

Oriental Special 0898 442 269
Scandinavian Orgy 0898 442 268
Dutch Lesbians At It 0898 442 267
Danish 'O' Level 0898 442 266

DIAL NOW!

CALLS CHARGED AT 33P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG. P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

XXX CLIMAX

Masturbate Together 0898 362 681
My Neighbour & My Wife 0898 362 680
My Roving Razor 0898 362 679
I'll Talk Dirty 0898 442 194
Two Girls, One Toy 0898 442 164
Climax Over Me 0898 442 162
I'll Unzip You 0898 442 598
Take My Knickers Off 0898 442 597

DRESSED TO THRILL

Big Boobs To Please 0898 442 247
See Through Blouse 0898 442 246
Stockings To Delight 0898 442 245
Split Skirt & Stockings 0898 442 243
Strip Special 0898 442 241
Stockings & Suspenders 0898 442 240

PLEASURE LINES

42D – Play With Me 0898 442 278
I'll Take It All 0898 442 277
Ready For You 0898 442 276
Let's Climax Together 0898 442 275
Bonking Lesbians 0898 442 274
Get It Out 0898 442 273
Playing With Myself 0898 442 272
Fantasise With Me 0898 442 271
All The Way 0898 442 270

ALL GIRL ACTION

Playing Together 0898 442 229
Lesbian Desires 0898 442 228
Licked To Excite 0898 442 227
Shower Girls 0898 442 226
Into Each Other 0898 442 225
Miss Muff Goes Down 0898 442 224

CONFIDENTIAL

OVER 18'S ONLY!

Telephone Company, P.O. Box 272, London SW11.

SEX SLAVE NEEDED ON 0898 884 210	NEW! HOT ADULT SESSIONS ON 0898 884 211	Masturbation Special 0898 884 205	"I'M ON ALL FOURS -CALL ME!" 0898 884 212	I've seen it all, & done it all!! 0898 884 204
LISTEN TO ME - DO IT NOW! 0898 884 203	"...put it in my mouth!" 0898 884 207	RANDY RUBBER LESBIANS! 0898 884 202	TAKE MY LACEY PANTIES 0898 884 200	NEW! PUSSY NEEDS CREAM! 0898 884 206
SIZZLING SEX SECRETS ON 0898 884 213	bare bottoms waiting... 0898 884 209	WEAR MY P.V.C. PLAYSUIT! 0898 884 214	I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO DREAM ABOUT! 0898 884 201	I'LL STRIP FOR YOU! 0898 884 208

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. A/1/1/C.

LESBIANS	0898 200926
KNICKERLESS	0898 200928
RANDY HOUSEWIFE	0898 200929
REALLY DIRTY	0898 200931
PLAIN KINKY	0898 200932
BACK ALLEY SEX	0898 200936
DEEP THROAT	0898 200939
EXPLICIT ENCOUNTERS	0898 200944
TAKE MY WIFE	0898 200951
REALLY EROTIC	0898 200978
HUSBAND AWAY, RING ME	0898 200979
THE BITCH	0898 200989
HAND REARED	0898 200991
HORNY SEX	0898 200992
LICK SPECIAL	0898 200994
MASTURBATION	0898 200996
THINK DIRTY AND CALL ME	0898 200997
STRICTLY SEX	0898 200998
SEX PARTIES	0898 200999

CHARGES 33p MIN CHEAP 44p OTHER TC PO BOX 507 BS99

SCAN SEX SPECIAL 0898 884 325

SHAVERS PARTY 0898 884 315	I'LL BE VERY RUDE FOR YOU 0898 884 319
INEXPERIENCED AT 18 0898 884 316	GRINDING TOGETHER 0898 884 320
MARRIED NYMPHO'S SECRET DESIRES 0898 884 317	EXPERIENCED LADY SEEKS 'BIG BOY' 0898 884 323
SEX ACTION...listen! 0898 884 318	HIGH HEELED POSITIONS 0898 884 326
MY 1st LESBIAN EXPERIENCE 0898 884 321	I LOVE THE TASTE 0898 884 322
VERY TIGHT LEATHER PLAYSUITS! 0898 884 324	
BETWEEN MY LIPS 0898 884 329	

P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. B/2/1/C.

ELECTRIC LINES PRESENT:

THEIR MOST SHOCKING

SEXLINES YET!!

Warning: Absolutely adults only~ these lines contain extremely shocking sexually explicit material, strictly over 18's only!

MY PANTIES ON YOUR FACE 0898 777 900

ELECTRIC XXX LINE 0898 777 909

DRESSED TO THRILL 0898 777 912

FRUSTRATED? I CAN HELP 0898 777 908

SECRET T.V DESIRES 0898 777 914

HOT,WET PUSSY ACTION 0898 777 904

TOUCH MY LARGE BREASTS 0898 777 913

OLDER WOMAN LIKES IT FAST AND FURIOUS! 0898 777 911

2 GIRLS, 1 VIBRATOR 0898 777 902

PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS... CALL FOR YOURS NOW! ON 0 8 9 8 7 7 7 9 0 3

BUSTY BLONDE LIKES IT ROUGH 0898 777 910

Tell me what you are doing to me! Dial 0898 777 901

SIT ME ON IT 0898 777 906

FOR THAT X-TRA SPECIAL RELIEF! 0898 777 907

cream in my cleavage 0898 777 905

P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS ARE CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. D/1/1/C.

When you dial you just activate the file number, live lines and European Specials

SEX PHONE CLASSIFIEDS

DAVINA MILLINGTON

CLASSIFIED CLUB

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Feeling Very Horny	0898 100 432 (E)
Randy Girls Talk	0898 100 432 (C)
Very Experienced At 50	0898 300 816 (B)
My Mouth Is Ready	0898 100 487 (A)
Oral Pleasure	0898 300 819 (D)
In My Mouth	0898 100 487 (E)
All The Way	0898 700 357 (B)
My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
Shower Lust	0898 300 813 (C)
Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 300 817 (E)
My Black Stockings	0898 100 447 (C)
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 100 487 (D)
Wet T-Shirt	0898 300 814 (A)
Bra Busting 42D	0898 300 817 (C)
You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 100 465 (E)
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 700 367 (C)
Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys 0898 300 816 (E)

My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All 0898 700 368 (D)

Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me 0898 300 817 (A)

Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other 0898 300 811 (B)

Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In 0898 700 355 (E)

Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping 0898 700 355 (A)

I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You 0898 700 368 (C)

Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us 0898 300 814 (D)

Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You 0898 300 816 (C)

Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party 0898 700 355 (B)

My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties 0898 100 432 (A)

Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You 0898 100 465 (A)

Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience 0898 300 814 (E)

Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please 0898 100 465 (D)

I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me 0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 700 387 (B)
Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

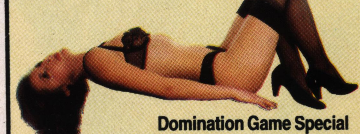
Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do)

Filthy Talk 0898 300 820 (A)
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things)

Nobble The Virgin 0898 300 820 (E)
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)



Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.)

Oral Antics 0898 300 859 (C)
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You choose your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) 0898 300 857 (E)

CALLS CHARGED AT 33P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES. STG. P.O.BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

KNEEL BEFORE ME!
0898 442 719
CROSS DRESSER DELIGHT, RING FOR SPECIAL DETAILS
0898 442 492
SHAVING GIRLS IN STOCKINGS
0898 442 721

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 442 720

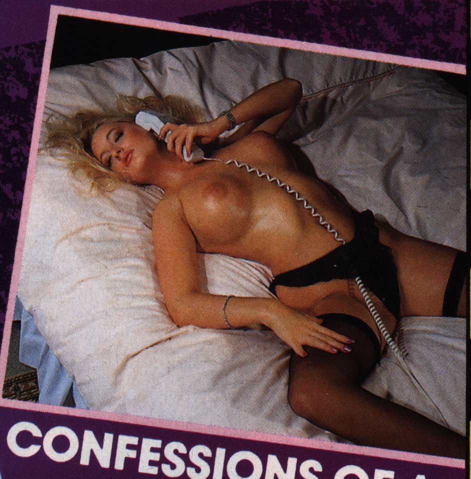
ACROSS THE DESK
0898 442 726

LET'S CLIMAX TOGETHER
0898 442 711
GIRLS TALK OF INTIMATE EXPERIENCES
0898 442 732
HOT ADULT ACTION
0898 442 722
LET ME GIVE YOU HAND RELIEF YOU WILL ENJOY
0898 442 731
LISTEN TO ME PLAYING WITH MY VIBRATOR
0898 442 734

RAUNCHY SEX!
At your fingertips

BRA BUSTING 42DD STRIP SPECIAL
0898 442 727
OVER MY KNEE
0898 442 730
ORAL PLEASURE
0898 442 723

PLAYING WITH MYSELF
0898 442 725
I'LL SWALLOW IT
0898 442 733
IN MY MOUTH
0898 442 728
LICKING LESBIANS
0898 442 724
GET DOWN ON IT!
0898 442 729



CONFESSIONS OF A NYMPHO
0898 442 491

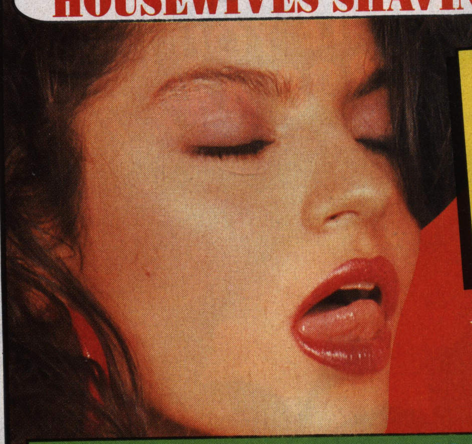
CALLS CHARGED AT 33P PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44P PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
STG. P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

LONELY WIFE WANTS SEX 0836 404 448

HOUSEWIVES SHAVING PARTY 0836 404 493

MY TONGUE WILL TEASE 0836 402 354

I'M ACHING FOR YOU 0836 404 482



DIRECT SEX CONTACTS 0836 404 491

NO BRA NO KNICKERS 0836 404 459

2 LESBIANS 1 STUD 0836 404 451

UNDO MY BRA 0836 402 361

NEW

INSIDE MY PANTIES 0836 402 353

DIRTY SEX TALK 0836 402 398

MY LEGS ARE OPEN 0836 402 350

BLACK SILK PANTIES 0836 402 390

DIAL ME & WE'LL DO IT 0836 402 395

CALLERS FIRST TIME SEX EXPERIENCES 0836 405 555

NEW

BIG BREASTS PERT BUM 0836 404 456

JILL (18) STRIPS BETTY (19) 0836 404 460

After 9 PM SEX Action 0836 400180

After 12 PM Explicit Action 0836 400130

After 2 AM SEX Talk 0836 400160

2 GIRL SPANK 0836 402 391

SKIRT UP PANTIES DOWN 0836 402 392

CALLS CHARGED PER MINUTE 33P CHEAP RATE 44P ALL OTHER TIMES OYSTERPALM PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

SCAN SEX SYSTEMS, P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11.

SCAN SEX SPECIAL!

DIRTY DRESSING UP 0898 884 314

THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE 0898 884 303

Only for very experienced men! on 0898 884 309

WHITE PANTIES, FLUSHED CHEEKS! 0898 884 310

Me and my dirty books! 0898 884 306

I WILL REVEAL ALL 0898 884 308

My panties in your pocket... 0898 884 300

OVER MY DESK! XXXX CALL 0898 884 301

Let me tell you what to do to it on 0898 884 312

SHE TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW 0898 884 302

I want it the hard way... 0898 884 313

DIRTY XXX DIAL IN 0898 884 305

I'm open all hours! Just call 0898 884 311

LINDA LOVES LACE! 0898 884 304

Fanny FiNGERS Listen to her! 0898 884 307

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. B/1/1/C.

TASTY TREATS! 0898 777 801

"My mouth is dry, what can you do?" Call 0898 777 805!

BIG BOOBS, TIGHT BOTTOM! 0898 777 814

I'M ON MY KNEES, BEGGING FOR IT! 0898 777 810

TEMPTING TEASE! 0898 777 811

DON'T BE SHY, I WON'T BE! 0898 777 803

HE STOLE MY PANTIES!" 0898 777 806

fishy fingers - on my own! 0898 777 813

SALLY + ANNE DOWN ON EACH OTHER! ON 0898 777 800

XXXX PROBING BETWEEN MY LEGS! 0898 777 804

SUSPENDERS AND SILKS! 0898 777 809

I CAN SATISFY YOU WITH MY HOT MOUTH! 0898 777 812

I WANT TO EXPOSE MYSELF! 0898 777 808

I need to be taught a lesson! 0898 777 807

Call Girls Inc., P.O. Box 272, London SW11. Calls charged at 33p per min. cheap rate, 44p all other times. C/1/1/C.

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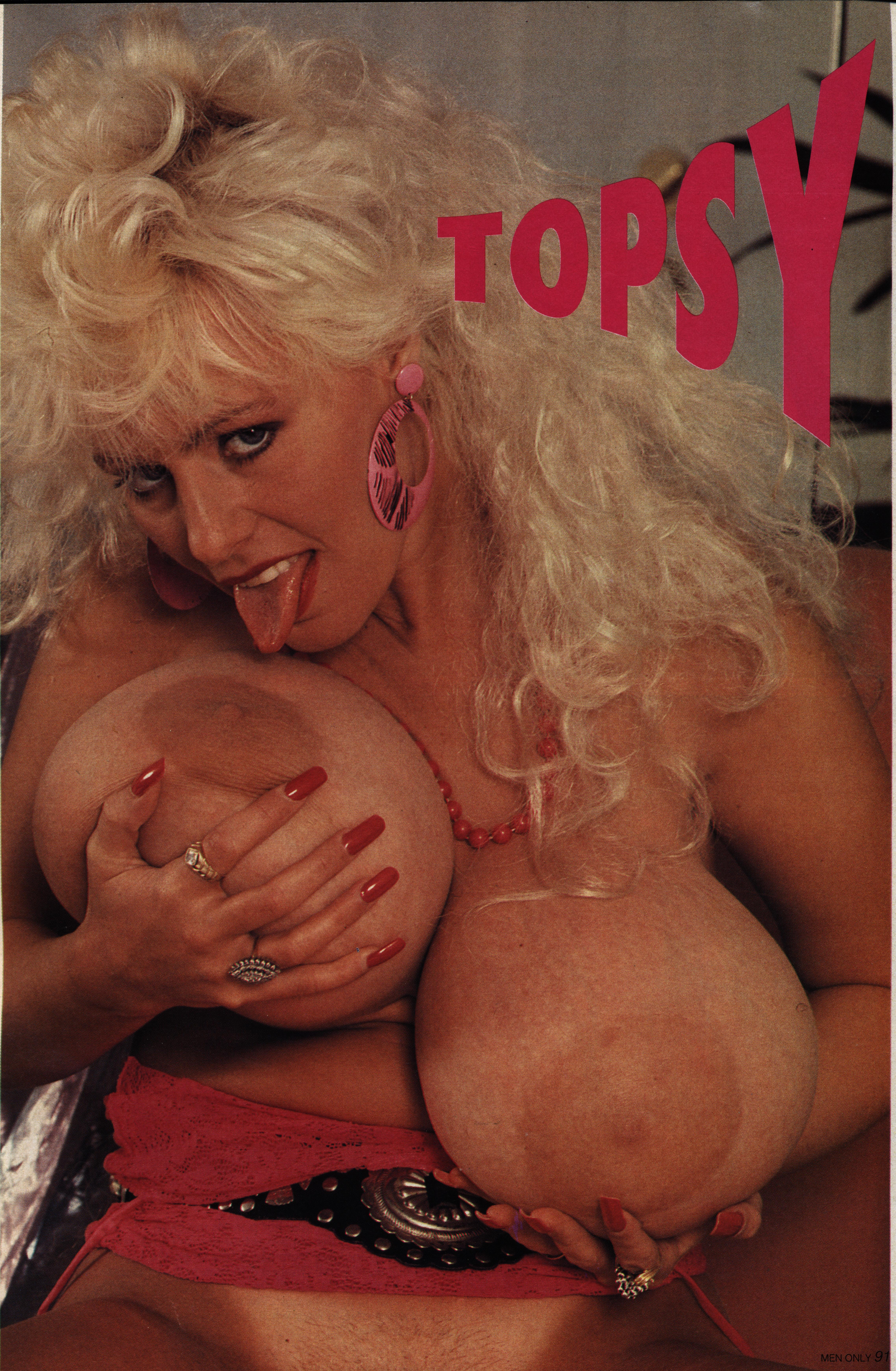

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN GRAHAM

Apart from trying to make us believe Topsy is her real name (54-24-36), which would make her parents the most bitchin' prophets since Elijah and Isaiah, Big T's a really honest girl. For example, she confesses that she isn't what she seems. Apparently, she was really born the daughter of a prince, but a gipsy took her from her cradle when she was just a few hours old and swapped her with the baby daughter of a poor bookmaker in Hull. There's a fortune of £12 million waiting for her when she can prove who she really is – which, in fact, she thinks she can do very easily now she's working for the CIA. We believe everything a girl with tits like Topsy's tells us – that is if, while our eyes are out on stalks, our jaws have dropped and we stand around making the sound GA-GA-GA, we're able to *hear* what she's saying. We can take anything from Topsy – except that bit about the poor bookmaker.

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I'LL suck you dry **0836 402850** • JOIN me while I masturbate **0836 402851** • I'LL talk dirty until you are completely satisfied **0836 402852** STILETTO sex **0836 402853** • [redacted] talks dirty **0836 402854** • I'M going to lick and suck until you cream **0836 402855** • GROANS of ecstacy **0836 402856** • PLAYING with myself **0836 402857** • ON my knees in front of you **0836 402858** • FACE down on the bed take me now **0836 402859** • I love to talk dirty **0836 402850** • FILL my hot tight pussy **0836 402861** • I'LL lick it all off the phone **0836 402862** • LICKING lesbian action **0836 402863** • WAITING on all fours **0836 402864** • HOUSE Of domination **0836 402865** • [redacted] **0836 402866** • MOANS and groans of a nympho **0836 402867** • SMALL penis? I love them. Satisfy me and I'll satisfy you **0836 402868.** • I'VE got it all. A dirty mind [redacted] **0836 402869** • MAKE me take it all the way **0836 402870** • PUT me over your knee and spank me hard **0836 402871** • RUBBER seduction **0836 402872** • DIRTY girl [redacted] it all **0836 402873** • LUST from behind **0836 402874** • SEXY 19 year old will satisfy all your sexual needs **0836 402875** • CALL the hottiest [redacted] on the phone **0836 402875** • CANED by the gym mistress **0836 402876** • YOUNG lesbians do it to each other **0836 402877** • USE your hand while I talk you off **0836 402878** • KNICKERLESS and naughty **0836 402879** • SEX in thigh boots **0836 402880** • GIRL sucks girl **0836 402881** • LET me suck you dry **0836 402882** • MY first lesbian experience **0836 402883** • ON your knees before you phone **0836 402884** • [redacted] **0836 402885** • [redacted] **0836 402886** • I love to suck [redacted] **0836 402887** • SUCK my throbbing nipples **0836 402888** • SPANK me until I beg you to stop **0836**

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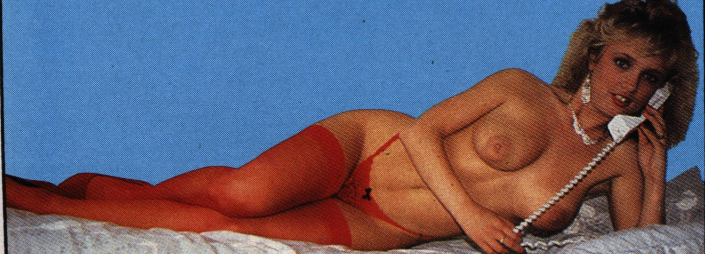

blah!

continued from page 4

out, though. When withdrawn, the tip of the dildo disappears completely into the saddle, so you'd never guess it was there.

Which was what happened to the man in boxer shorts who stole it in Regents Park one afternoon and rode it away. We were fucking in the bushes at the time, and we heard him. We dashed out to see him pedalling like crazy out of the saddle. And he'd obviously touched the lever, for the dildo was churning around under him. It seemed to have wormed its way up the leg of his shorts. He made a sort of grab beneath him to find out what was going on, but didn't find it and, then, like an idiot, sat down!

He gave a howl of anguish, both his feet came out of the pedals and he rolled on down the road, clutching his bum for a couple of minutes before, with what sounded like an orgasmic grunt, he crashed into the brambles.

Christina and I didn't try and catch him; we were clutching each other, howling with laughter. The bike was OK, but there was no way she was going to use that saddle again. We hid it in the bushes until she could fit a new one and she rode back on my crossbar. Which seemed to have exactly the same effect as the dildo!

We had to make three fuck stops before we got home – and then we really started. I don't suppose I'll live to see 30, but I'll die with a hard-on!

J.P., Redhill.

Think you're really clever, don't you? Well, you've asked for it! Now I know your address, I'm suing – for emotional stress, personal injury and a new pair of boxer shorts. – Ed.

Rubber Fun

Sir: I have been dating (in a platonic sort of way) a lovely guy called Charles.

Suddenly, one afternoon in the woods, I knew I had to have his hard cock in me.

I stripped off my clothes and lay down, legs wide apart, pussy shuddering inside me, wanting his prick. I watched him undress. He pulled down his trousers and – he had no cock! There I was, wide open for something that didn't exist.

I yelled at him but he only laughed. Then he turned around and I saw he had an enormous one! So big, in fact, he had pulled it between his legs and fastened it behind in a special belt. It was as long as my arm.

I rushed over to it, but as soon as I got my hands round it, it erected, zoomed up through his legs, hit him hard in the face and knocked him out cold.

At last he came to, and I

continued on page 98

". . .and another plus: you're only five mintues away from the nearest bottle bank."

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Vibrator action	0836 403748
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Sticky climax	0836 403751
Under my skirt	0836 403752
Sarah sucks	0836 403753
Probing fingers	0836 403754
Spank me	0836 403755
Dominant lady	0836 403756
Rubber lust	0836 403757
Rock hard and throbbing	0836 403758
My hand is ready	0836 403759
Lick me clean	0836 403760
Raw sex	0836 403761
Rampant lesbian lust	0836 403762
Push it deep	0836 403763
Between my lips	0836 403764
Damp silk panties	0836 403765
Let me sit on it	0836 403766
Spanked	0836 403767
Give me 8″	0836 403768

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SHY young virgin wants to be seduced by an older woman. 0898 884111.

ORIENTAL girl wants to go straight. Phone 0898 884112 and hear my plea.

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LET me lick and suck your banana. 0898 884138.

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SECRETARY, 29 years, blonde, blue eyes quite tall seeks non serious sexual relationahip with active physical man. 0836 403 702.

YOUNG sexy lady seeks modelling work, not shy. 0836 403 703

MY speciality is a hand job, but I can just talk dirty if that's what you want. Call 0836 403 704.

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MY husband calls me a slut but he's just boring. Really dirty men call me on 0836 403 708 strictly for fun.

ARE you frustrated? I can relieve you now. Just all 0836 403 709. I need to talk dirty.

LONELY girl, 23, brunette, brown eyes, good looking, average height, seeks man for a relationship. Willing to please the right man. Please phone me on 0836 403 710.

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DESPERATE Divorcee, late twenties. Give me something rock hard and throbbing. 0836 403 720.

PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0836 403 721.

NYMPHO wants sex. Call now. 0836 403 722.

EXTREMELY large, mature lady, wants to satisfy you. 0836 403 723.

VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breasts like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knickers. Genuine applications only dial 0836 403 724.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0836 403 725.

GIRL, good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0836 403 726.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0836 403 727.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0836 403 728.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0836 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0836 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to at out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0836 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0836 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdo's. I want to try everything. Phone. 0836 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0836 403 734.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0836 403 735.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only phone. 0836 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29), understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0836 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0836 403 738.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0836 403 739.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0836 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them. if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only. 0836 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0836 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytimne on 0836 403 743.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex an mutual satisfaction. Ring. 0836 403 744.

LESBIAN couple who may be bi-sexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0836 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0836 403 746.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and caned. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0836 403 747.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0836 403 748.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0836 403 749.

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NEXT ISSUE, VOL 56 NO 6 ON SALE MAY 30TH

blah!

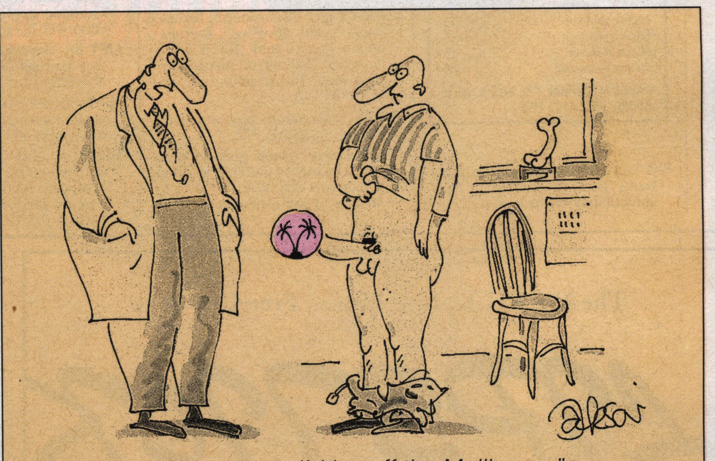
continued from page 94

was able to play with his huge tool. I kissed it and licked it and it got harder and harder until, suddenly, it gave a loud fart and a flag popped out of the end with a word *BANG!* written on it!

The bastard had bought it at a joke shop! I would like to warn my sister readers about these things the men are buying in order to get their revenge on feminists. And another thing: these devices are fastened by vacuum to the real cock and balls, so be careful how you pull them off!

M.D.,
Ashford, Kent.

I don't know; can't take a joke, some people. – Ed.



"If I were you I'd lay off the Malibu . . ."

Sea Sick

Sir: On my regular holidays in the South of France I used to envy those men who owned boats and yachts! I would stand in the harbour at Cannes and watch the beautiful blonde girls coming and going from these floating pleasure palaces on the arms of revolting old men. Sex, it seemed to me, was easy if you had a boat.

My business flourished and, at last, I could afford to move to the French Riviera and get my cock afloat!

At first I tried a small boat, and it did attract some girls – not the starlet-type but pretty students on holiday. Very soon I was where I had dreamt of being – naked in my boat, with a naked girl!

Disaster! The very first time, not sure how to proceed, I took the girl from behind as she crouched on the bottom boards. Bliss! The splash of the waves, the screams of the gulls and the rhythmic banging of her head on the transom at every thrust! And then she gave a yell and wriggled aside, making me prang my plonker on the fish box. She'd lost a contact lens in the bilge! We spent an unromantic day and evening looking for it in the filthy water.

Next time, I took cushions and approached things more naturally. Too naturally! I forgot where I was, stood up with her legs around my waist, and – *SPLASH!*

Enough! I got a bigger boat with a cabin. But still no joy. A boat at anchor attracts other boats, and no sooner are you at it than some fool comes through the hatch thinking you're the Marie Celeste – instead of just screwing Marie Celeste.

You have to keep on the move, and that can be stressful. Especially if, using her compact mirror to steer, you drift into the path of a big race. Foul-mouthed admirals swearing down at you from ocean racers are a classic cause of *coitus interruptus*.

So I got an even bigger yacht! The very thing. Perfectly comfortable. Too comfortable, in fact. Now my wife says she wants to come out with me on every trip.

No, forget boats. If you want a bit on the side in peace and quiet, I recommend you try it in the relative comfort of a patch of stinging nettles.

H.K.,
Nice.

Different strokes for different folks.

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